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By Jonathan Alter





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Esquire

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A small white sailboat with a single mast and sail is mounted on a wooden stand. The background is a light blue, textured surface, possibly a wall or a backdrop. The sailboat is positioned on the left side of the frame.

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Backstage with Esquire

THERE WAS A TIME, not so long ago, when men of letters put down their pens and settled their differences with fists. Perhaps it was the conviction they had for their words. Or perhaps they were simply bullies. At times the battling was so fierce that, as Morley Callaghan remarked of Paris in the Twenties, you needed a fight card just to keep track of the bouts.

Today, however, most authors are disdained champions. Light weights who sucker punch one another in columns and reviews. There are, of course, exceptions, and one of them—heavy heavy weights to be sure—squats off in this issue: Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal.

Before the opening bell sounded to the War Between Mail and Vidal, there were, naturally, pre-fighters. And Esquire has always had a ring-side seat. In July 1962, Mailer, in a headlong march, took on most other writers, among them James Baldwin, Saul Bellow, and John Updike. Mailer emerged victorious. In September 1963, Vidal and his powerful left went mano a mano with William F. Buckley Jr. The match was a draw. It was only a matter of time before Mailer and Vidal would meet.

While it is unclear when the fighting actually began, Vidal's 1971 review of an Eric Segal novel, in which he said a loud and clear Mailer's way, even as his opening remark for press letters, laid siege to The Dark Corners of the Earth, was the first sign. At which point Mailer lambasted Vidal (no reference to name Mailer). The verbal barrage continued all night, with Mailer taking a couple to the chest and doing out a couple of his own, but Vidal found a good counterman in Camille. The next important round took place a few months after the Carter show, at Lilly Weymouth's Upper East Side home. A few verbal jabs from Vidal, and Mailer was head-butting against (and so silent). In 1984, the final bell sounded. The two men were speaking at a PEN conference in New York, and by Mailer's account, Vidal was the most up-point.

And now, having laid, either the posthumous sentence ("The Big Lie," *Esquire*, page 107) Our modern-day of art province—or CARDIE MALLORY (above, with Mail and Gore, who is more of a playmate than Steve Douglas ever was. A former schoolteacher (he taught several grade sets), model (she once appeared on our cover), actress (Yoko Ono: The Job and Love is the deal), and now a writer (her novel, *Flash*, was published in 1993), Mallory has known both men for almost twenty years and was brave (indeed) enough to step in between them. The main event took more than two years to stage, but they finally agreed to meet at last January at the Plaza Hotel. The result, we think, is worthy of their battle. As to who came out on top? "I think I won," says Mallory. No rematch is planned.



Our cover story this month looks at the new realpolitik in Washington, including the election of the Secrecy with the cynicism of the fighters. In "All Grown Up and Nowhere to Go" (page 96), JONATHAN ALTER examines the "gun nation" that was too young for Vietnam and too old for the Gulf. Alter adds, "Not a generation destined for greatness." Once a young idealist himself, Alter was an intern for Senator John Edwards and a speech writer for Jimmy Carter, but he gave up politics to become a journalist. Now they share, Alter is the media critic for *Newsweek*.

"It was almost inevitable whether or not Michael Milken went to jail," says Coordinating Editor TAD FLEND ("Michael Milken, Free at Last" page 74). "Once they banned him from junk bonds they took away his life." First, who profited Milken's bad defense strategy, Arthur Liman, for as a few years ago, says his "insane heart" after taking through the street on the case. "It's impossible, how well thought, well spread people can be to you as cheerleader." "Friend is also a contributing factor to Paper and Spy."

KURT LOOGER, gone in this month as a contributing editor and began his music column, *On the Charts*, on page 77. A very rare gem, Loozer is the author of *MTV News* and the author of *For Chase Palmer*, a collection of his writings.

"What he would be if he didn't have Donald Trump to kick around any more?" asks HARRY HERT II ("Don't Let Trump Get Smack" page 10). No fat at all for Bush, who plans to spend the next year showing the life of America's favorite punching bag for W. W. Morris. A former *Newsweek* correspondent and the author of *Texas Rock*, Hert found that despite Donald's "obvious character flaws," he—don't say it—actually liked the man. "He has an inconceivable speed that, at the end, is quite charming." News to us. □



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Good judgment comes from experience, and experience comes from bad judgment.

—BARRY LEPATNER



BACK WHEN IT ALL STARTED FOR THE U.S. street gang that calls itself the Crisps, guys like Tookie and Buddha were in charge. They were very tough kids, but they also had ideas, the most basic of which was timeless: *enrichment*. They would find a craft-store dope dealer in Watts and tell him he might need some protection—protection that the Crisps were in a unique position to provide. If the dealer didn't see it that way, they would take him down and take over his business. There were the same strange days when the most creative destinations in the New York financial community were likewise beginning to flex their muscles. A deal guy would go to a company that was having some minor cash flow problems and pitch the CEO a debtless strategy. The CEO would hear that his company was vulnerable to a takeover, and that for, say, \$1 million a year in consulting fees, he could get some protection. If the CEO had any confidence in himself and his stockholders, he would pass

that deal guy would then go to some cash-hungry company armed with a plan to go after the first company. He would, in an eloquent example of canny insider language, "tie it up." Thus he would either help take over the first company or release the \$1 million fee to prevent it. Soon the economy was selling in a frenzy of deals.

Times have changed.

After Tookie and Buddha (both dead), the Crisps evolved into a much more sophisticated, if not necessarily discreet, organization. The gang were national, finding safe spots in the drug economy all over the country and taking them over. There were some bad runs with the cops, and what even the Crisps themselves recognized as an image problem. Gang members started going on television and talking with more energy about what they could contribute to their communities, then went home and worked hard on their gangs.

Meanwhile, the deal business bottomed out, and there was much talk of corruption and chaquidism, but there was also something perking up about it. The smart guys built cash positions before the 1980s were over, and they will be ready to move in soon as the banks pull themselves together. Forget all the talk about how circumspect the money people have become. They all want to rumble.

Right now, life is more than a little edgy on both of the worlds we're talking about. When movies like *New Jack City* touch off gang rampages and automatic weapons fire all across the country, you get the feeling that something has to give. Likewise, a figure in the world tells you that a frenzy of mergers deals, the \$500 million to \$100 million kind, is about to happen. After the latest movie-house violence, one Albert Johnson, identified as The New York Times as a "professor of cinema" at the University of California, said that for many frustrated and put-up young people, movies have become a kind of "performance art where they can shout and clap and make noise." As for the frustrated and put-up dramatists, their deals are thus performance art, and we can only hope they hold a little more than mere artifice. —T.M.

Donald Trump Gets SMALL

The only thing shrinking faster than the former billionaire's assets is the size of his scalp
By Harry Hurt III

YOU WANNA SEE A CROWD GO wild?" Donald Trump bellows. Trump jumps up from the vinyl seats where he, Marla Maples, and an entourage of squawking Trump-entourage have been watching the last of the underdog bouts at the Trump Taj Mahal casino in Atlantic City. Minutes from now, former U.S. Olympian "Marcellus" Ray Monroe will challenge Francisco Dominguez for the World Boxing Organization's heavyweight crown. In the meantime, Trump has decided he's in the mood to show his stuff, and Marla's, around the street-on landscape for the boxing boxing crowd on a snowy Friday night.

"Come on," he commands his entourage. "Let's make a walk."
Marla obediently rises from her seat, turning back her bottle-blond hair. She is wearing a short black skirt that fits like shrink wrap, with thigh-exposing, beltline sucking in front and back, black spandex heels, black hose, a white long-sleeve blouse, a gold watch, gold bracelets, a gold-link necklace, crystal drop earrings, and the "Vanderbilt ring" that Donald gave her. Marla arches her brows and pinches her lips and lips to effect the full smile of a group model.

"You'd just love to do this," she sighs and rolls her eyes.
Trump, Marla behind him, charges toward the nearest grandstand with his overcoat draped over his shoulders. As usual, he is armed in one of his blue Bronx business suits and a bright red tie. But his booming face, with its Elvis Presley goatee and bushy brows, deep-set eyes, and a wide, toothy grin, looks positively youthful under the glare of the ring-side lights. Due to the foul weather, the grandstand seats are barely

three-quarters full and the crowd is downhearted. But the presence of Trump, big-brooding through the stands behind a phalanx of security guards, is enough to whip the morose assemblage into a lather.

"Hey, Donald?" shrieks a bearded guy in blue jeans and a TV-ting pattern silk sweater.

"Hey, Moner TV?" shouts another fellow in a Day-Glo jogging suit.

"Donald, you're my number one man!" exclaims a cheerer.

Trump raises his right arm and waves to the crowd like a presidential candidate, which he once pretended to be in a play to promote publicity for his first book. Then the fight that spot Marla and starts cheering for her.

"Mar! Mar! Mar!" they begin to cheer.
Trump steps in his tracks and lets the pleasure of the boxer's success wash over him. He used to be a sunny palooka of his ex-wife's house's celebrity, but he regards Marla's success as being merely his own creation.

"Can I make a star or what?" he gleams.

Marla pins her mouth in a deep-dyed grin.

"Oh, thank you, Donald," she replies.

There she stands in one and parts, "If I was nothing before, how come he went after me?"

GIVEN THIS KIND OF YEAR HE HAS HAD, Donald J. Trump might be forgiven a little ego candy. His net worth, once exuberantly overestimated at \$1.7 billion, may lie as low as negative \$125 million. The Taj Mahal and some of his biggest and meanest ventures are in various stages of bankruptcy negotiation. His other two casinos, Trump Plaza and Trump Castle, are fighting to stay afloat. In fact, the Caesars only made its last bond payment in December because Trump's father bought \$3 million worth of chips there and left them on the casino cage. He may still have to part with at least one of

Is his nose back higher to you? Trump denies it, but some of his friends say he supplemented hair transplants with surgery to reduce his bald spot.

Steven Holl Can See for Miles

MICHAEL GRAVES called one of the firm's recent Steven Holl designs "homely and humane and quite successful." That was a compliment. It was also taken in the cozy world of architecture as a sign of uncertainty—one of the first clues that Holl was becoming the focal point of the architectural world's persistent search for the Next Big Architect.

Graves himself was onto the NBA, and Richard Meier and Frank Gehry after him. But what guided Holl for the top rank, Critics has suggested, is something different: a vision not just of buildings but of the shape of whole cities. This vision is the subject of Holl's *Edge of a City* show, which opened at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis on April 21.

Such a grand outlook has long been out of fashion. Architecture has never recovered from such ambitious modernist plans as Le Corbusier's proposal to build the heart of Paris to put up apartment skyscrapers. So who would think that an architect would come along to take on the urban fabric of Cleveland, where, among other plans, Holl proposes a dense courtyard, an aquarium, a hatchery, and a theater? Moreover, Holl suggests considering the sprawl of Phoenix with a chain of buildings filled with apartments and offices, like cliff dwellings dropped as a freeway, a kind of Green Wall of Chinese murals. And in Manhattan, he would build into the World Trade Center with eleven thin "vertical towers" as the Hudson, not far from the World Trade Center, rises.

Holl seems to order the chaos at the edge of towns, to mediate between city and country. Unlike such modernists, Holl's ideas begin not with an eye to the skyline but from above by an avian's perch, but with the man in the street. Their plans are composed of individual street views. Holl renders in sharp ink drawings or dreamy watercolors, like the panels of a storybook for a film. He seems, even, he says, with "fading strips of sunlight or birds flying drowsily between skyscraper buildings." From these scenes comes the acceptance of streets and public spaces.

Holl is the man you see invited to architecture schools. His mixed-use building at Seaside, in Florida, is already a landmark, a look like the heart on Main Street is a regional witness—of which he had devoted a quarter-century. He is working on a



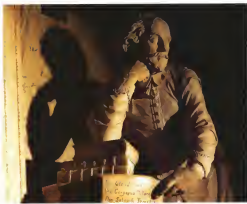
Holl in the 'wall' to contain the sprawl of Phoenix, architect Steven Holl unveils a wall of intersecting office towers and infinite living spaces.

building for the architecture school at the University of Minnesota. And he's made the right university choice for an NBA. Few do his firm's head Powell offers his tolerance and his personal, intense, post-Postmodernist confidence. "Visions" means maps that he created. He has produced the required book, *Anchoring*, in which references to Hansel, Hedgehog, and Wagner seem real as thickly in the Grosse Pointe as a Little Rock child.

Raised in Seattle in a Unitarian household, Holl looks a bit like a very serious John Lennon. He is a particular devotee of Edmund Husserl, the German father of phenomenology. Before dragging a library in Berlin, Holl saw Werner Heisenberg's *Weg of Denial* five times. He's built at his favorite company, one of his pieces inspired a house Holl recently designed in Dallas.

The odd thing is that after the academic piles of postmodernism and the more obvious demolitions at deconstructivism, Holl's excitement is downright refreshing. When you read the questions and the philosophy, the buildings and the images of buildings engage you with the mystery of real cases, which embrace the "homely and humane" along with the strictly and orderly. We need more of this, and Holl's cases may not be as impossible to realize as you think. One of the fourth presented in any architect who because the NBA. One day is a line call from the folks in Dorsey, who have already heard Graves and Gehry. So why not Holl? It's hard to imagine any more big enough for both Meier, Eisen and Eddie Hauer, but who, except Dorsey, builds whole cities?

—PETER PATTON



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V I G O R



American Journal

By Pete Hamill

Mr. God Raises Hell

I FIRST HEARD of the Yahwehs during the Super Bowl riots of 1989. I was wandering around the now hazy wasteland of Downtown, talking to cops and the willing wounded, when I saw four large and lean black men walking heavily through the rubble. They were dressed completely in white, with turbans on their heads, looking like the house band from one of those videotape mob joints with names like the Dons or the A-Listers. Even the homeless looked up a bit when they went by.

"Who are these guys?" I asked a cop, while five more passed within the unshifting remains of a grocery store.

"The Yahwehs," he said.
I laughed. Yahweh was the name of the Jewish god, not a rap group. The cop looked at me.

"You must be from out of town," he said sadly.

"Yeah."
"Fugates."
"All right," I said. "What's their story?"

"They kill people," the cop said.
He said they preached about God and carried out chores, sometimes outside, and guns, and used them as the word of night. They must be a religion, I thought. In my experience as this poor earth, from Berlin to the Middle East, the name of God and the gun always attract genuine leaders in the street. It was no different in Miami.

This particular religious demonstration was the creation of a man who modestly calls himself Yahweh Ben Yahweh (Hebrew for "God the Son of God") in a previous incarnation, the smooth-talking, glimmer-eyed Mr. Yahweh was Helen Mitchell (it—a name right out of an Elmore Leonard novel. Though his father had been a Protestant minister, and he grew up with the long-sweeping rhythms of the ministry of salvation, Helen didn't slide very easily by the rules of conventional Christianity. Who does? But then, like Ignatius of Loyola or Paul being knocked from his horse on the road to Damascus, everything changed for Helen Mitchell Jr., by his own testimony, he died in her dorm, then rose from the dead with a divine mission. In 1979, he was calling himself Rastafar Moses, moving and preaching among Miami's black poor. Apparently, Mr. Yahweh, now fifty-five, had one

of those remarkable taps, the ones of which was rare, claiming that whiskey was the source of all evil.

"At the time, he didn't look like much," a detective named Lloyd Clark told The Miami Herald. "No flowing white robes. Just a cold, handsome, not sweating black guy with an Afro. At that first meeting, the topic was 'You Are Not a Nigger: the World's Gone KKKt Secret.' I was really astounded. He's really eloquent. I mean, he can talk."

In recent history, black demagogues have been as common as dirt when conservatives. But the heavy has seemed more powerful since the Jesus-walk that swept Liberty City in May 1990. The fury of some young members of Miami's black underclass was fueled by the spectacular material success of the Cubans. They had arrived in Florida long after the American blacks and had overcome the barriers of race, including language, to attain power and prestige. There had to be some explanation. Yahweh Ben Yahweh was one of a number of leaders who stepped up with a theory. Whiskey did it so.

Yahweh Ben Yahweh added his racial explanation to religion, sealing the bond with his glib as a story. This wasn't new. Father Divine and Elgiey Mahomed both offered similar theories to their followers. And what people have been hearing for most of this century from radical Christian preachers for years, with the aid of God-endowing everyone from drinking Klu Kluxers to domestic violence of the Republican Guard.



In Miami,
race and
religion can
take a con
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Yahweh Ben
Yahweh



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The Sporting Life

By Mike Lupica

The Importance of Being Arnie

THE CLUB, A METAL-HEADED DRIVER, leans against Arnold Palmer's desk. His office is cluttered with such things: patterns of him, his goldfishbowl, his company planes, and golf balls he has designed, trophies and plaques, a stack of fan letters. He has been a major American celebrity through five decades. Things accumulate. I Palmer, now sixty-one years old, has been talking for a while in this second-story office next to the pro shop of his Bay Hill Club, outside Orlando. He has been talking about his enduring affair with the public, intense as ever, about the big tournaments he has won and all the big ones he has lost, about how his game differs from that of the other legends of golf, from Bobby Jones to Jack Nicklaus.

"They had a normal style," he says, "a style for having a golf ball that everyone was used to seeing. Then I came along to start beating the ball."

I know, I tell him. Are you kidding? Of course I know. I started to cope this way when I was nine. I tried to build up the ball the way Arnold Palmer did, run my right knee into my left, and finish on this slanting, wacky way, club wobbling, head tilted to the right, my whole body trying to tell this way. If I could have looked that I would have, just so I could see the expensive way like Palmer did before me.

"Basically, I tried to tear the cover off the ball," he says. "And it captured a lot of people's imaginations." He smiles. "Oh so it seems."

Arnold Palmer, granddaddy and legend, now silver-haired and bent of leaning and thick around the middle, suddenly rushes over and picks up this driver. He is still talking about his style of play, the style that made golf a big deal in this country and made an incredible amount of money for every professional golfer who has come after him.

"I was never serious," he says, and then it is 1966 and we are at the U.S. Open, talking about the seven-shot lead he lost to Billy Casper on the last two holes of regulation.

I listen, but not too hard, because I am watching Palmer's hands. His puts both of those thick hands on that driver, giving it a little wobble at the air, checking his grip and looking at the head of the club.



"It's a fancy thing about that Open," he says, going up from behind the desk and waving in front of a big color photograph of one of his jets. "People felt so sorry for me afterward. They got carried so damn much, it probably did as much for my career as anything."

He addresses an imaginary ball, right shoulder a little lower than it's supposed to be, the same stance I have been assuming for nearly thirty years. "People always have remembered the ones I lost as much as the ones I won," he says.

He looks up and smiles, and then assumes the position once more. He is not Arnold Palmer. He is just some guy or Arnold Palmer Course Designer. He is not even Arnold Palmer, not really.

He is Arnie.

I expect him to hitch up his slacks. I am positive he is going for the green.

ARNOLD PALMER IS, IN A LOT OF IMPORTANT ways, like the Brooklyn Dodgers. There is this enduring image about him, this remarkable memory, thirty years past after he won his first important tournament, the U.S. Amateur, thirty-one years from his one U.S. Open victory, and eighteen years from his last victory on the regular PGA tour.

He really is as loved and remembered for the tournaments he lost as for the ones he won. Time does not change that. If anything, it makes the legend grow, the way the legend has grown around Brooklyn's Boys of Summer.

Whether he's conquering fairways with his drive or Madison Avenue with his pitch, Arnold Palmer always makes the green



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The Sporting Life By Mike Lupica

At the year's pass, Jackie Robinson becomes even more of a stark from dead to hater. Roy Campanella becomes more of a Marine in front of the plate. And it is an even bigger baseball miracle when Billie Cox goes to the line and seals a double in his glove.

Arnold Palmer, in memory, becomes more of a thief on some local Sunday, backing up his dunks, squaring the ball toward the hole.

Changing His social can never be compared with Ben Hogan's or Jack Nicklaus's, nor can his grace. I believe he is the most important figure in sport has ever produced. Palmer did for golf what Jimmy Connors did for tennis, what Billie Jean King did for women's tennis. He came along with this swashbuckling style and changed everything.

Golf writer/broadcaster Frank Deford says we need that if you ask most Americans who named the whole thing, they will tell you Arnold did. And you can make a splendid case that Palmer is still the most popular golfer in the world. He consistently draws one of the biggest galleries in the Senior Tour, even though he no longer was there. He still pushes Horst and Tom and Gullies and GTE. Like the memory and magic that go with the Brooklyn Dodgers, he has gotten into our hearts and refuses to get out.

In the office now, Palmer battles with a stack of mail, reading glasses on the end of his nose. He reads a letter from a man who lives next to the Royal Birkdale course in England. It explains how to re-consider and play one more British Open. He takes off the glasses.

"There was just always this wonder-ful,"—back hands in the air or loose of him now, trying to grab the right word—"along between myself and them," he says. "Somehow, it was like I was one of them."

"The way you'd carry, but I tried to look the whole gallery in the eye. Other athletes go about their business, and they don't look at people. And people feel that. Maybe it was a selfish thing on my part,

but I liked seeing the happiness my golf seemed to give them. I was never one of those passing heads of state, waving a glove at the crowd."

In the last 1950s and into the 1960s, golf had a nation's idol and a television star in Palmer. He would walk on his ball, stand over a like a fullback going into his stance, then try to tear the cover off it.

In 1960, he came from seven shots down to win the U.S. Open. He lost the '60 Open after leading by the same amount. He once lost the Masters, a tournament he won four times, by making a double bogey on the sixteenth and last hole. He should have won in 1959, too, but on the last day he let into the water on number twelve.

"When Jack Nicklaus, who he had out of him, won the '62 Open after a playoff with Palmer, you could see he was going to win everything. That only made people love Arnold more. Palmer three-putted ten times in that tournament. People remember that as much as they remember Nick's winning."

"Whether I was at home," Palmer says, "he always seemed to be a question, a cliff hanger. People always loved to see that."

Palmer was also the first professional athlete, the very first one, to discover the possibilities for advancement away from the field of play. For him, golf was just a springboard.

With his agent, Mark McCormack, he became the cornerstone of the International Management Group, the most powerful and diversified sports management company yet known. Palmer the golfer became Palmer the conglomerate.

"It was like this match on the wall," he says, shaking his head from side to side. "We just watched over and named it as it."

Today athletes routinely move into the corporate world. Every sports celebrity all the way to John Madden can thank Palmer and McCormack for that.

Before meeting with me, Palmer had just come from recording a jiffy Lube radio commercial.

"You know what a good career choice for a golfer is the old caddy?" he says now. "It means you could have a guaranteed income for life after you stopped playing the game. If you could get yourself up with a country club, you life pretty good. It was like a pension."

Palmer did for golf what Connors did for tennis. He came along with this swashbuckling style and changed everything.



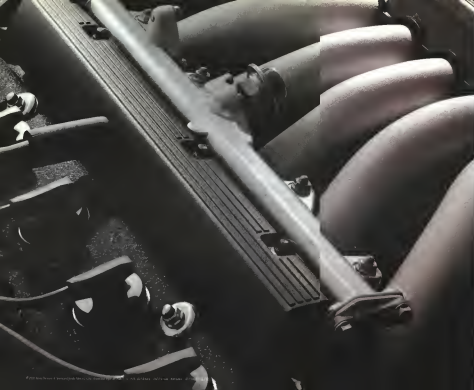
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ACURA
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The Raw and the Cooked

By Jim Harrison

Just Before Dark

The greatest poverty is not to live in a physical world.—Walker Hayes

IT WAS ONLY TEN DEGREES ABOVE ZERO, and in the light cast by the small flashlight hanging from my neck, I could see that the olive oil had congealed around the edge of the skillet, though the corner of the pan was hot enough to cook the broken sausages. Next to me, Perceck tried to chop a head of garlic with his gloves on but then took them off in favor of speed. I passed the salty olives, then noted that the temperatures in the caper jar penetrated backward. Some of the basil had also frozen, but we plucked away the fresh parts. After I hand-squeezed the plum tomatoes, I dashed to the live-coal fire to get the broken bark on my fingers, quite happy to see that the handle of pasta water had begun to boil.

To the southeast the last glow of the full moon spilled over the Anasazi footfalls. Perceck said that in defiance to the gods, he would add only one on of anchovies to the puttanesca, I said that for the same reason he could have eighteen pieces of sausage while I'd settle for three. It occurred to us that this might be the coldest temperatures at which the dish had ever been cooked. Americans, unlike the ancients, When we tasted the noodles and sauce, adding red-popper flakes and a consomme of Romano, we heard the gurgling savor of a hobocair from up the canyon. The more green fennel, as if the air did not claim our enthusiasm for the order of the dish—doubleless in first exposure. After every few bites, you had to pass your serving back to the kitchen to breathe the scent of when's next.

It is strangely true that when you lift your head from your work, no matter how glassless and epic the work may be, it is still a paradox for "making a living," and traveling to a location far from the small town of contact—magazines, television, newspapers, cinema—you are liable to come down with at least a moderate case of vertigo. Life is just what it is. It has no opportunity to be anything else and we make a virtue and discover how many other things life can be beyond our rather dreary, dreary notions. There is an especially apt Jewish proverb that says you shouldn't dig your elbow so deep that you can't see over the top.

I was down in the Anasazi Mountains in New Mexico's borderland with Doug Perceck, the more



Nothing like
a little
puttanesca
under the
stars to
bring out the
creature in
a man

greatly best expert. As we grew older, we more closely resemble our dogs, and since Perceck doesn't own any dogs, he has increasingly gathered the appearance of his beloved bear, Ursus horribilis. We were visiting the Gray Ranch, which was acquired last year by the Nature Conservancy. The spread, as it were, is a half-over five hundred square miles, about 320,000 acres, an irregular, twenty-by-fifty-mile shape rising upward from the Mexican border. Not yet open to the public, it is a singular piece of property, a virtually entire high desert ecosystem to be found nowhere else. As I watched these bald eagles and one golden eagle feed on a dead antelope in the middle of a forty thousand-acre grassy plain, my breath was tremendous and short, because I had seen something breathtaking. To the left, I could see the snow-capped mountains on whose slopes I had slept the night before, in a canyon that contains Double Adobe Creek.

The vertigo had begun on the way over from Tucson. We had stopped at the huge plaza (at least I thought Perceck had once seen from the road) down right after a rain. The rain had served to activate warm and moist in the desert soil, and he sat there watching enormous black clouds of cranes descend throughout the afternoon and evening.

We had walked a couple of miles out of the plaza in search of these winter cranes when the wind shifted precipitously to the northwest, and within moments the temperatures dropped more than twenty degrees on a day that was already cold



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Saks Fifth Avenue

Hanging Out

By George Plimpton

Return to Spender

ONE MORNING ABOUT a year and a half ago, a longtime friend of mine, William "Toby" Reed, was walking through Central Park on his way to work. A lawyer with the distinguished New York firm of Coulton Brothers, he takes this walk every day when the weather is reasonable. Because he lives adjacent to the park, he feels a certain obligation to keep the place in order ("picking the trash," as he puts it), and it's his habit to pick up refuse as he walks along and put it in the trash cans en route. On this particular day, on a path behind the Metropolitan Museum, he noticed a large newspaper sheet lying ahead. When he picked it up, he discovered a brown leather wallet underneath, rather flat, which suggested nothing was in it. He opened it up just to check and spotted a flash of green.

"What?" I said.
He was telling me the story one day over lunch.
"Yes," Toby said. "I looked in the wallet and discovered a couple of dollar bills and behind the dollars a money-dollar bill. Then behind the twenty there were two hundred-dollar bills, which gave me very excited because I've rarely seen a hundred-dollar bill. I spend my life writing substantial checks, but the only cash I ever touch is rent and rentmoneys, which, as you know, are what new drivers can handle. A hundred-dollar bill isn't much use around New York. So since I had in my possession two hundred-dollar bills, I looked around. I wasn't with pen-ambulators. No one had seen me pick up the wallet as far as I could tell, and certainly no one was looking around in the bushes far to it. So I went a few paces and then proceeded along to work. I arrived late, I remember, phones ringing, and it was some time later before I could open my desk drawer and take out the wallet."

As Toby described this, it crossed my mind that in years of walking head down, charge-free, I had retrieved a total of one dollar or so, almost exactly in pennies. I pounce on them. My biggest haul was when I was a schoolboy—a dollar or so in loose change in a meadow by the East River where loaves lie in the springtime and turn in the grass and come tumbling out of their pockets. One afternoon I found enough to buy two chocolate cupcakes. The

case was suddenly in my hands as Toby continued.

"The first thing I did, of course," Toby was saying, "was to look in the wallet for identification. There was none. No credit cards, no driver's license, just the money. Then I found a surprised compartment. I looked inside and found twenty more hundred-dollar bills. Over two thousand dollars and no clue as to who owned it!"

"You must have felt pretty good," I remarked.
Toby smiled. "The temptation, of course, was to keep it. Fingers keepers, losers weepers. But when I had some free time I looked up the law. According to Section 252 of the New York Personal Property Law, any person who finds lost property to the value of ten dollars or more must either return it to the owner—obviously not applicable in this case—or to a police station within ten days. After varying periods of time according to the amount of money, you eventually get it back if it isn't claimed."

"And what happens if you don't hand it in?" I asked.

He said, "The penal law has a provision that talks about larceny being committed by acquiring lost property. That is, if you don't take steps to return lost property it's a serious business. . . . First, up to a thousand dollars. . . . jail, up to a year. . . or both. And in my case, losing my license to practice law."

"So you had no choice?"
Toby shook his head, though he said that additional considerations weighed here—perhaps he'd be returning the money to a drug addict about to buy



When was the last time you found \$2,600 and gave it back?

BOMBAY SAPPHIRE. POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.



Hanging Out

By George Plimpton

drugs, or worse, to a table where I just made a comfortable sofa, or bed, that if he returned to the police they'd think he was eager to bring in such a candidate. I mean and would answer for their interest to come in and claim it. He wondered vaguely (as a Republican) whether he might donate the money to Rudolph Giuliani's mayoral campaign going on at the time against David Dinkins—a symbolic gesture toward the law and order Republican candidate and former U.S. attorney running against a man who had had his troubles with the IRS.

"A good party line decision," I said. "Absolutely."

Finally, having thought all this through and realizing that his only chance of keeping the money rested with the mysterious owner never appearing to him it, Tish disappeared as in the Central Park District, the police station across where he had found the wallet. The police were some what startled. Occasionally a wallet is handed in, it's usually empty except for credit cards, driver's license, and so forth. He walks with \$2,500 in it and an identification.

"Nobody had reported anything as far as they knew," Tish said. "But just as I was leaving, a woman officer arrived and said, 'Oh, I think someone reported losing something.' In another language a report had been received that a Mr. Charles Wang had lost a wallet the Monday before last day. I'd found it with about \$2,500 in it. A telephone number was left."

"You must have been careful!" Tish grinned and nodded. He told me he felt an obligation, though, to use the whole matter through. He discovered that Wang had left for Taiwan a few days before he wrote and eventually got a fax message from a Tim-Hua Wang, who apparently calls himself Charles in the United States. It's a somewhat tangled and confusing story. Wang, a middle-aged man, wrote that yes, he had lost a wallet just about where Tish had found it. He described the "lovely" of the wallet, including the one "clashed" by ZIP. "That was no ID because he had not applied to any credit card companies."

"Did he thank you for bringing it in?"

"Oh, yes. He said something like, 'I will miss your table that was and your dining let me have a new feeling of your country.'"

"Well, that's nice, Tish," I said. He leaned back from the table. "It's a-

teresting," he said. "Every child is brought up from an age of six with the first rule of law. Fingers lingers, leaves, surreptitious. He's absolutely sure that's a fundamental of Western social thought. But it isn't. That day my first thought was just like any kid's. Wow! This is my lucky day! But when it was over, I was actually a loser. An hour and a half later on legal overcoats, another hour and a half turning the money in, another hour in arguing the police to be responsive, time spent discussing letters to Mr. Wang. . . ."

"Time should have been for a hell lotta Coudert Brothers," I suggested. "It would have amounted to the same thing."

The next day, thinking what a far thing my hand had done, I telephoned some of the city's property clerks to see if anyone could tell me about similar cases. The Manhattan clerk and his department received quantities of money, obviously from the pockets of criminals on their release. It was a voucher and held until they are released from custody.

"It's about,"

"Usually empty," he said. He went on to say, though, that sometimes articles of great value, perhaps the most extraordinary a pair of pants picked up in July 1972 during a Boston drug bust. They eventually ended up in the Metropolitan Museum of Art—findings, valued much more and gold, a pair of matching sterling gloves established as the personal property of Charles and the Great and worth \$100,000.

"Think of that," the property clerk said. "A pair of pants handled by the compass of Russian forces up in the possession of some steady dope pusher at Fort Apache."

"But we got everything down here. You name it, we got it. Almost a million recovered items, 28,000 cars a year. The body in the trunk goes to the museum, we get the car. We got paintings, utensils, cashboxes, for cars, tractors. The other day they brought in a 525-year-old tombstone costume left on South Street in Tribeca. . . ."

No less a volume goes into the property clerk's office in Brooklyn—2,500 items a week, of which about 150 are of the lost and found variety. "Tenth," I was told. "Gold cups, wigs, hairpieces—your personal how people lose those things. They're created items," he said. "You people make an appointment and they have these customized rooms behind," the clerk said, "usually on a six case. We got a shower!" he commented only.

"A shower?"

"Yep. A bouncer got into a fancy here late at night, laid up against a machine,

and turned on what he must have thought was an electric back scratch. It wasn't. It was the machine, and it cost him a thumb. He just closed out and left it there."

I couldn't resist asking if he'd dropped in to reclaim it.

"Can't say that he did," the property clerk said. "We had it here in a public jail for a while."

When I told the property clerk in Queens—Police Officer "Lui. Coudert"—about the "Boudier's thumb," he laughed and said that his department had held a press conference for a radio. The arm had fallen off while in owner was mauling a police officer.

"We maulered the arm and held it for evidence," he told me. "When the man came in to retrieve the arm, he didn't have the paper ID. So we sent him back home to get it."

"He must have . . . well, complained."

"Cause he did. He said, 'Hey, how many one-eyed guys you got hanging around here? Remind you it, no.' We got prosecutors," he said. "We said we brought it to the owner. He came back with his ID and showed that arm back in right here in the waiting room."

I spoke to the Bronx clerk in Central Park. "What about money?" I asked. I told him about my friend's find in Central Park.

"Listen to this one," he said. He recalled that night, years before, a young, very-old boy at Coney Island was walking a man go by on a bicycle when a plastic bag attached to the back-wheel rack fell off in the street. "The kid pulled at him, but the guy kept going," the property clerk said. "He brought the bag here to the station. It had \$30,000 in it. No one ever turned up to retrieve it, so it went to the hall after the sequence three years—it helped him through college, I'd guess."

I told him the other day I told him about the bag at Coney Island. It didn't surprise him. "Not everyone in New York is out only for himself," he commented. "I've been thinking about Mr. Wang. I like to suggest him in a bar in Taiwan, and someone says, 'New York City, what a place . . . they mug you, they beat you up, they give you, overcharge you,' and so on, and then Mr. Wang breaks in and says, 'Well, where I was there, I dropped my wallet in Central Park with \$2,500 in it, no identification, and they turned it in to me here in Taiwan. Very nice. As the only fact I've got a good story out of all this, and that's worth a lot these days.'"

I agreed with him. But I was reminded of the great apartment for Paloma's remark. "The next best thing to a lie is a true story nobody will believe." ☐

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Executive Summary

By Stanley Bing

Breaking In the Boss

IN THE BEGINNING, there was my boss Chuck, who was simply too unlikely to succeed, and Chuck began Elaine, beautiful and carefree, who made her bundle and moved on, leaving grief and admiration in his wake, and Elaine began Margaret, who was stupid, and Margaret began Edward, to whom death was anathema, who lost his executive soul and, unable to resist, succumbed to the public sector, whence there is no return transportation; and Edward began Carl, a vicious Beiber with a mind like a straight razor, who saw the future of American capital in the 1990s and escaped into virtual landsherry, and Carl began Skip, who could neither delegate nor create consensus and fell to earth with a splash that dislodged his upper limbic network and, almost, more, and Skip began Wally, who is coming in today, Monday, to begin his first day as a senior commander in our illustrious organization.

Which is just breaking great. For the seventh time in 10 busy years, I've got a new boss to break in. This kind of work could get to a guy after a while, especially when all the best opportunities I have to do

Given the exigencies of American business, it's quite likely you, too, are going to have a new boss, if you don't already. Breaking him in is a programmatic part of the handbook that no one should have to endure more than once every four or five years. Well, it's essential. An improperly trained new boss can cause you, leaving you out of his new culture when he finally gets to the coal, placing new people on the corporate map in exactly the spot in which you were hunkered down. On the upside, the new guy presents a tremendous opportunity for advancement and emotional trauma, which is the heart of my happy business center. For his sake, as for yours, you've got to make that Headless Monsterblow thing happen right away, making his professional life—and, in a deeper sense, his entire person—wholly dependent upon you. At the same time, you must avoid appearing to be one of those pale, antiseptic bastards who serve the Buddha-House of this world, sitting around on couches with their hands in their laps, nodding and waiting to get onesie.

Happily, starting a baby boss into good health isn't all that hard to do. I'm planning to start right now,

today, and have every hope of achieving a decent level of success. I figure that the key to it is more just and much devotion.

Today we're going to get busy establishing *looky*, the first conviction in his mind that I belong to him, not to some prior regime. Put yourself in Wally's shoes. He's entering an environment where everyone knows everybody—and nobody knows him. In fact, most of the folks around here are still in varying states of spiritual involvement with our prior senior V.F., the aforementioned Skip, who has reasons not merely of his making left as in a creek whose bottom I believe to be located somewhere just south of 1992 and not all that far from China. I've got to help Wally see that there's at least one guy around here whose idea of loyalty doesn't survive beyond its former object's departure.

Wait a minute. I hear him coming down the hall. Talk to you later.

All right. It was the man himself, who "figured he'd happen by on his first formal review of the noops, he he." (Pound last limb in, he extended his paw and gave me a nice resolute front) shot of his jaw. I did the usual, used his digits warmly, and without applying too much pressure, shook them with genuine affection. I was glad to see him, you know. "Thanks, Wally," I said. "We need you around here." I felt a slight glow of supposed appreciation coming off him, so, taking a chance, I grabbed my eyes to his and added, "When you have a chance, let's get together and talk about your presence." I felt him probe my gaze for signs of sincerity or, worse, blatant sucking up, and, quite



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THE POLO SADDLE



Man At His Best

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE



Classics The Men's Club

BY JOHN BERENDT

YOU KNOW THE scene whether you've been there or not: when bearded gentlemen sitting in leather armchairs, reading newspapers or simply musing, volunteer to tell candid tales about their and man's life. "Very good, sir." The men's club—more precisely, the men's club—is a perfectly English institution and by now almost a cliché. The smoking room of the Reform Club is where Philip Fogg makes his famous wager in

Around the World in Eighty Days. Ford Austerlitz takes the minutes of the Thursday Club in the opening scene of *Top Hat* by making the pages of his newspaper one weekly. Bertie Wooster, of the Jeeves novel, arrives at the Breams, and James Bond's enemy boss, M., does regularly at Bladen. For more than two centuries, private clubs have provided upper-class Englishmen a congenial place to eat, drink, converse, and gamble

without the intrusion of family or, more to the point, women.

Men's clubs are as old as the growth of seventeenth-century civilization, more notably *Where's Chocolate House*, which evolved into White's Club, the oldest and grandest club in London. In the cosmopolitan shadow of the Duke of Marlborough, one club after another was founded until in palatial headquarters along St. James's Street and Pall Mall, as elegant hall marks that has come to be known as clubland.

It has been said that the atmosphere of the typical English club is as sedate as that of a doctor's house with the duke lying dead upon a table, there have been notable lapses. A member of the Pelican club was accused, circa 1890, of having thrown the bear's head that was another member's quarry into the fireplace. "Nonsense!" he protested. "It wasn't me. Not me at all. I've thrown nothing but pils at evening."

American clubs are pioneered after the English—Baron's Somerset, San Francisco's Buchanan, Baltimore's Maryland Club, New York's Oglethorpe, and about a dozen in New York—but they have never been as conspicuous as English clubs. The American public usually becomes aware of them only when their restrictive admission policies make headlines—such as when a politician resigns.

And yet, exclusiveness is the bedrock of clubland. New York's Knickerbocker Club, for instance, was founded in 1873 by members of the Union Club who were dissatisfied that the

Union had begun admitting the newly rich. "What a snooty is a club that places family background first," they declared. "The Knickerbocker is a well-deservedly exclusive. Not long ago,

Rather than change club rules, the house declared the lady an honorary man for the evening

one of America's wealthiest men, having been blackballed by the Knickerbocker, went to Paris and joined the Jockey Club, with which the Knickerbocker has reciprocal relations. He now runs the Knick as if he'd been welcomed with open arms.

Men's clubs have been under siege of late. The U.S.A. has bombed the Customs and Excise and asked the Country Club to shut machine gun fire. On both sides of the Atlantic, however, the chief adversary is women. Women nowadays reject the concept, popularized by anthropologist Lancelotti Tiger, that man has a biological need to form clubs because of a male bonding instinct fused together millions of years ago, when they survived hearing the lion's roar in packs. Not well women stand for the sort of closed room that London's Garrick Club went through when a female guest insisted on bringing her wife along some years

EDITED BY ANITA LEGERER

Man At His Best

age, rather than change the club's rules against women dancers, the house committee decided that the lady was an honorary man for the evening.

Waxes, rages, riffs, short drops, club games, rolling one juke and paper on the pistons, clubs are inevitably become a trend. This view was confirmed when an audit conducted by the University Club in New York found that the majority of its members' bills were paid with computer checks. Since then, computerization laws have been enacted, and an increasing number of clubs have admitted women.

Intelligence represents yet another wall in the door. No longer do the club's red-top port the club by keeping around all day waiting on chairs. To enter needed cash, many clubs have been forced to sell valuable assets—car books or expensive paintings—in real time facilities to groups of non-members for rent only. Other wise they must expand the membership to charge members more (Larson's bar generally runs about \$2,000, plus a \$1,100-a-franchise of what is said to belong to a money club. What's the club's debt? Most clubs don't do the business as when you're not here, but have a cash flow.)

Because of these pressures, the number of gay men's clubs has dwindled. But there are still plenty left, places where a politician's patronage are still acknowledged. David Meier captured the essence of it perfectly in *On the Beach*, his novel about lesbian espionage in Melbourne, the last city on earth to remain. So Douglas Freuden goes to the Patronal Club to drink and meet the old. Boombox is reported in its music, but, alas, the club's best part was a much more subtle for a post or two. So Douglas is convinced "I blame the Wine Committee very much," he concludes. "They should have seen this coming." ■

Real Music Last Tango. Promise

BY KURT LODER

IT'S HARD TO BE HIP when music, these days, you're in a party wearing stars alone. And Pazzia is, the one man who, if he's not a tango, and some jump in a partyed up you with Carlos Gardel-international, the very Tony Bennett, of the old Marling that flows down for last anniversary, the original Latin passion can only wait on.

Unsurpassed as a master of the tango, Argentine music aficionado called a bandleader, Pazzia has been making records—some of them were lastly gorgeous—for forty-five of his twenty years. A star of the new tango movement in Buenos Aires in the mid 1970s, he has sought ever since to expand the music's expressive possibilities and to establish it among the world's great classical forms.

To what extent he's succeeded, we must leave for the classical world to decide. When it comes to it is a club that goes old: it ranges from the, with his quartet, lively square box, is really, passionately not there.

Pazzia's music, although

based in the steady, rhythmic tango of tango, is filled with radical harmonies, rather in the manner of Bartók's tone-shifting string quartets, and the unexpected mood of much of his work would appear to owe something to the "cool school" of 1950s jazz. There's a suggestion of George Shearing in there—and maybe Martin Denny, too (Pazzia was about the only about dinner).

But what really makes this stuff sing, for the discerning world-music listener, is its expressiveness. Pazzia's music is a tango movement in which any jazz who ever navigated the leading axis of 1960s pop/dance will find right at home. The slow start of the music draws you in, but it is the infectious counterpoint—the unexpected and then—the tempo you come back for more.

Pazzia's rich, relaxed score of albums over the years. He turns in a collaboration with New York's emerging Kronos Quartet—the pair's classical one that takes "modern expression" to mean everything from

Shostakovich to Jan Hradek. This sounds like a dance team up, but the album, *Last Tango* (Newman Records), while gripping in its arrangement, is a real where I would have been over Pazzia's audience. His characteristic rhythmic impetus is muted in these compositions, and there's an abstract Euro-romanticism to the proceedings that may not be to the taste of all listeners. A credit to both parties, but—like before—a record to come back to.

Search out, instead, Pazzia's great late 1980s albums, *Tango*, *Zorro* (New) and *The Rough* (New) and the *Cyclot* (New), both originally released on American Clef and every bit as grandly dramatic as the ones imply. There's also an impressive concert performance, *Live in Buenos Aires*, which I have on the French Capricorn label. For those already worn out and wandering where the guy comes from, there's an extraordinary collection of some traditional recordings made in Buenos Aires in 1947, by Auro and his Orquesta Típica, called *El Bandleader* (available on the Spanish El Bandleader label).

Should you ever get this far gone, the grand old of Carlos Gardel (available on French RCA, was good) will seem a big deal next step into the past.

What matters is, Pazzia, with his keyless squeeze-box, is totally, passionately out there



MR2



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Passion is the 1991 MR2 Turbo's soul. The passion of Toyota designers to whom performance is the difference between cars that are meant to be driven and cars that are just meant to get you from here to there.

If passion is the MR2's soul, its heart is an engine that pumps out 200 turbo-charged horsepower and can take you from zero to 60 in 5.96 seconds.* Thanks to its mid-engine design, the MR2 has the handling to handle that passion.

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Why did Toyota build the MR2 Turbo with so much passion? So it could be handled with passion.

"I love what you do for me."

TOYOTA

*See 1991 EPA MR2 Turbo at a minimum fuel economy of 24 city/33 highway/28 mpg. Actual mileage may vary. **The MR2 Turbo's SRS is a driver-side air bag Supplemental Restraint System (SRS) which activates in a front-end impact of enough magnitude to collapse the bag. It is designed without primary protection as provided by the driver's seat belt and shoulder belt system, and the air bag may not inflate. The safety belts should be worn at all times for all occupants.

Man At His Best

Living Quarters
**We Have Ways of
Making You Wet**

BY PHIL PATTON

A MERICANS THINK of themselves as the most law-abiding nation on earth, just as we think of ourselves as the most war-abstinent. But it was the Germans who created the superhighway—and the Germans who created the Gardens law-warring system, the superhighway of organisms, which neither were warring here. With its plastic aqueducts, its little metal fountains, Gardens is a great personal job he needs system: the automobile of organisms—the superhigh.

just as the machines depend on network access and free-flowing information, so the Gaudens expects that as the principle of mass customization specifically, on a 1947 breakthrough called the Quick Connect drive system. As far beyond the old screw-on system in the clutch, the Gaudens system takes less than a minute to hook and unhook to boots and levers to fixtures where they would call in Silicon Valley a "plug-and-play" proposition. Now, instead of either mass fixtures, Quick Connect is a zipper blade fixture. The components attach to any type of base, although anyone who uses them quickly prides for Gaudens' phrase "casualties." These phrase is a series of "fixturing" and "tooling" and "assembly" and "disassembly" fixtures, Y-forks, and inline fixtures.

To understand Gardens, you have to understand that at our parent headquarters are in Glen, birthplace of Einstein and one of the *Neighborhoods for Everything*, the 1950s successor to the

Banhaus, whose teachings inspired the high-design look of the [Brazil] German economic miracle: the oval cubes and cylinders of Braun and Krups and Bosch, with whose products, along with Mercedes's, Gerdner's company controlled the U.S. as part of a major share of German exports.

Just as German highway designers applied such complex geometries to Kuhn's spiral in laying out viaducts, so designer Franco Cossu applied the formulas of Ulan to Gaudin's hat line of piers—the metal ones previously forged and machined at Nordstättungen, the plastic ones previously molded and trimmed at Hachingen. He also chose the Gaudin's politer—orange and gray and, for the service equipment, Cuckoo-bell.

The result is that Gardens *responds* in its thinking to its appearance and so engagingly synthesizes its conception that makes you want to want something, whether it needs it or not. To control this impulse, the Gardens looks the other way: its images compete (the lacquer is rare and the seedlings of disease were-linked Mistrans Motors, nearly rendering out water in defiance across). All this technology and design—the intense adjustability of its sliders and new acoustics, waste saving Micro Drop dispensers—go to the goal of one entering Gardens' commercial horizon.

For Gladstone, the solution to all problems is the system. Each of its gray and orange and turquoise rooms has neatly set

the spheres, the white granite lies as serenely symmetrical as a lava block air. And the paces are lovely too. The three or four different types of piston-grip sprayers are all crumpily shaped at Luger's. The family of sprinklers runs from innocuous impulse models on thin runners to rotary whorlways shaped like little house lanterns to the grandest lioness—cruel graced cylindrical galls shaped like overripe French duck fans. In ascending order of complexity of function, they bear the names Pika, Super Pika, Percolo, Grande, Excellence, and at the pinnacle, Excellent Vento.

It was Paul Henshaw of the garden catalogue Smith & Henshaw who made Gardens a success in America, enabling the company to open offices in Orlando and L.A. and become a premier at high-end garden centers. The tale is recounted by Henshaw in his inspirational book *Growing a Business*. While a few others had sold a Gardens container line, a specialist store, Henshaw understood that the

Gardena
lawn
equipment
makes
you
want to
water
something,
whether
it needs
it or
not.



own was the cheap, and offered a whole range of the products.

But even Hamken does not give you the whole picture. There would fill an entire Smith & Hawken catalogue—not even spanning the Gardena fertilizing system, with its granule spray wand, which dissolves and disperse fertilizer from both capsules, color-coded chemical dyes, or the urea-lime system for weeding the soil, with dozens of different

For all the high tech, the motto the Germans have applied systematization worthy of Leibniz is more green is the more permanent. Notations that run through all they do: Efficiency provides history. Just as the great sweeping career of the cathedrals, on which you can run your finger steadily at 239 kilometers an hour, also provide grand views of meadow and mountain, so Gardens' superb plan exist to provide wings flung of backyard herons and Waggenstein's appearance on the grass. The entire Gardens exist to give you cracks on our, timeless, to enjoy.



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Claritas Art Object:
Veronica K. Gilbert Museum
London, England



Aaron Chompy
Gold Medalist Milan, 1970
Permanent Collection MOMA
1988 Jan 21 - 1989 Jan 21



Archdiocese of Cincinnati
Casper Howard Johnson
Benedictine Institute in
National Shrine of Our Lady



Asalto Yacht
Beverly Hills Collection MCHM

ittala i crystal

1995-2000, 2001-2006, 2007-2012, 2013-2018, 2019-2024, 2025-2030, 2031-2036, 2037-2042, 2043-2048, 2049-2054, 2055-2060, 2061-2066, 2067-2072, 2073-2078, 2079-2084, 2085-2090, 2091-2096, 2097-2102, 2103-2108, 2109-2114, 2115-2120, 2121-2126, 2127-2132, 2133-2138, 2139-2144, 2145-2150, 2151-2156, 2157-2162, 2163-2168, 2169-2174, 2175-2180, 2181-2186, 2187-2192, 2193-2198, 2199-2204, 2205-2210, 2211-2216, 2217-2222, 2223-2228, 2229-2234, 2235-2240, 2241-2246, 2247-2252, 2253-2258, 2259-2264, 2265-2270, 2271-2276, 2277-2282, 2283-2288, 2289-2294, 2295-2300, 2301-2306, 2307-2312, 2313-2318, 2319-2324, 2325-2330, 2331-2336, 2337-2342, 2343-2348, 2349-2354, 2355-2360, 2361-2366, 2367-2372, 2373-2378, 2379-2384, 2385-2390, 2391-2396, 2397-2402, 2403-2408, 2409-2414, 2415-2420, 2421-2426, 2427-2432, 2433-2438, 2439-2444, 2445-2450, 2451-2456, 2457-2462, 2463-2468, 2469-2474, 2475-2480, 2481-2486, 2487-2492, 2493-2498, 2499-2504, 2505-2510, 2511-2516, 2517-2522, 2523-2528, 2529-2534, 2535-2540, 2541-2546, 2547-2552, 2553-2558, 2559-2564, 2565-2570, 2571-2576, 2577-2582, 2583-2588, 2589-2594, 2595-2600, 2601-2606, 2607-2612, 2613-2618, 2619-2624, 2625-2630, 2631-2636, 2637-2642, 2643-2648, 2649-2654, 2655-2660, 2661-2666, 2667-2672, 2673-2678, 2679-2684, 2685-2690, 2691-2696, 2697-2702, 2703-2708, 2709-2714, 2715-2720, 2721-2726, 2727-2732, 2733-2738, 2739-2744, 2745-2750, 2751-2756, 2757-2762, 2763-2768, 2769-2774, 2775-2780, 2781-2786, 2787-2792, 2793-2798, 2799-2804, 2805-2810, 2811-2816, 2817-2822, 2823-2828, 2829-2834, 2835-2840, 2841-2846, 2847-2852, 2853-2858, 2859-2864, 2865-2870, 2871-2876, 2877-2882, 2883-2888, 2889-2894, 2895-2900, 2901-2906, 2907-2912, 2913-2918, 2919-2924, 2925-2930, 2931-2936, 2937-2942, 2943-2948, 2949-2954, 2955-2960, 2961-2966, 2967-2972, 2973-2978, 2979-2984, 2985-2990, 2991-2996, 2997-3002, 3003-3008, 3009-3014, 3015-3020, 3021-3026, 3027-3032, 3033-3038, 3039-3044, 3045-3050, 3051-3056, 3057-3062, 3063-3068, 3069-3074, 3075-3080, 3081-3086, 3087-3092, 3093-3098, 3099-3104, 3105-3110, 3111-3116, 3117-3122, 3123-3128, 3129-3134, 3135-3140, 3141-3146, 3147-3152, 3153-3158, 3159-3164, 3165-3170, 3171-3176, 3177-3182, 3183-3188, 3189-3194, 3195-3200, 3201-3206, 3207-3212, 3213-3218, 3219-3224, 3225-3230, 3231-3236, 3237-3242, 3243-3248, 3249-3254, 3255-3260, 3261-3266, 3267-3272, 3273-3278, 3279-3284, 3285-3290, 3291-3296, 3297-3302, 3303-3308, 3309-3314, 3315-3320, 3321-3326, 3327-3332, 3333-3338, 3339-3344, 3345-3350, 3351-3356, 3357-3362, 3363-3368, 3369-3374, 3375-3380, 3381-3386, 3387-3392, 3393-3398, 3399-3404, 3405-3410, 3411-3416, 3417-3422, 3423-3428, 3429-3434, 3435-3440, 3441-3446, 3447-3452, 3453-3458, 3459-3464, 3465-3470, 3471-3476, 3477-3482, 3483-3488, 3489-3494, 3495-3500, 3501-3506, 3507-3512, 3513-3518, 3519-3524, 3525-3530, 3531-3536, 3537-3542, 3543-3548, 3549-3554, 3555-3560, 3561-3566, 3567-3572, 3573-3578, 3579-3584, 3585-3590, 3591-3596, 3597-3602, 3603-3608, 3609-3614, 3615-3620, 3621-3626, 3627-3632, 3633-3638, 3639-3644, 3645-3650, 3651-3656, 3657-3662, 3663-3668, 3669-3674, 3675-3680, 3681-3686, 3687-3692, 3693-3698, 3699-3704, 3705-3710, 3711-3716, 3717-3722, 3723-3728, 3729-3734, 3735-3740, 3741-3746, 3747-3752, 3753-3758, 3759-3764, 3765-3770, 3771-3776, 3777-3782, 3783-3788, 3789-3794, 3795-3800, 3801-3806, 3807-3812, 3813-3818, 3819-3824, 3825-3830, 3831-3836, 3837-3842, 3843-3848, 3849-3854, 3855-3860, 3861-3866, 3867-3872, 3873-3878, 3879-3884, 3885-3890, 3891-3896, 3897-3902, 3903-3908, 3909-3914, 3915-3920, 3921-3926, 3927-3932, 3933-3938, 3939-3944, 3945-3950, 3951-3956, 3957-3962, 3963-3968, 3969-3974, 3975-3980, 3981-3986, 3987-3992, 3993-3998, 3999-4004, 4005-4010, 4011-4016, 4017-4022, 4023-4028, 4029-4034, 4035-4040, 4041-4046, 4047-4052, 4053-4058, 4059-4064, 4065-4070, 4071-4076, 4077-4082, 4083-4088, 4089-4094, 4095-4100, 4101-4106, 4107-4112, 4113-4118, 4119-4124, 4125-4130, 4131-4136, 4137-4142, 4143-4148, 4149-4154, 4155-4160, 4161-4166, 4167-4172, 4173-4178, 4179-4184, 4185-4190, 4191-4196, 4197-4202, 4203-4208, 4209-4214, 4215-4220, 4221-4226, 42

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*Produced by K. Fisher,
Cambridge, Massachusetts,
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Oh yes, on the right side of this ad you see all the same ingredients as on the left. Oil-tanned, full-grain leather, solid brass eyelets, wrapped rawhide lacing — only everything is about a decade older. Proof that it isn't just violins and good whiskey that get better with age.



Boots, shoes, clothing,
wind, water, earth and sky.

Man At His Best

First-Rate Bang This Drum Softly

By JAY STONE

ONCE, AT THE AGE of seven or eight, I almost hit a friend like a firecracker between my teeth. I can only imagine what it would have been like if a millionth of a decimeter—crack. Boom, and shattering sound—followed by pain, possibly dizziness, or creative eardrums. But it didn't happen like that. Instead, we put the firecracker on his shoulder and blew the dust off his bangs.

I tell you this because I heard an exploding machine the other day in the form of a snare drum. The owner had replaced the legs and the drumheads until it was making on three new sounds. Then he hit it hard. There was a boogie, boom-upping, metallic pop. Fast rang, rimbles, and, and a pretty fell off the wall. I should have headed the drum maker's warning. "These things will not give you off. They're really loud."

Gregg Kephenger loves to boogie and make drums in his kitchen. He has a shell press, a vise, and a lot of heavy-duty files in there, which he uses to cook up the finest snare drums around. But what, you may ask, drives a man to make drums in his kitchen?

Kephenger has been playing drums since he was fourteen, but a snare has just as fast the sound he was after. When he found a race stand-bellied Ludwig snare with eight legs rather than the usual two, he knew he was onto something. The drum, he noticed, had a mass open sound. He began to pound the industrial parks of

"Aplausable," in snare Seattle, seeking out old race cars and discarded vacuum-cleaner casings to use as makeshift snare shells. One day, passing by the Alaska Copper and Brass Co. pipe-storage yard, came the revelation: He'd made the shells out of machine-vent pipe.

The pipe was instant riches in diameter, the standard for snare. He had a seven-inch snare cut, took it back to his

cellar, and settled in his special crenos. And he also was brass, black nose, and snare hammer, with power coupling from \$750 for the iron to \$1,800 for the brass. A naked Kephenger shell weighed in at about twelve pounds, and with all the accessories—legs, heads, hoops, discolor-off smooth, bolt, and numerous hardware assembling skins to a snare bowl. It dropped, it will knock anything it lands on.

It's that same belt, though, that helps give the drum its distinctive sound. The shells are an eighth of an inch thick, roughly two times thicker than a regular machine-made shell, and Kephenger beats the race by hand. The result is a solid, hyper-sensitive drum that feels like a shadow, hard-packed container of

per. Drawled good to a boogie, fastest pop beat, there are power spots galore in the "rims" section—high, off-center, center. Balls sound like ripping paper, "shadowing" around the edges sounds like cold drinks on a hot sidewalk, and in the center the big best gets off a rapping whack.

That quality of sound has attracted great attention from rock to classical to jazz. Miley Hart, one half of the Grateful Dead's drum duo, uses a Kephenger drum, and Howard Galt, of the Seattle Symphony, has commissioned six snare of various types and sizes from Kephenger over the years. The late jazz master Art Blakey once pointed me that in the hands of a master "a drum's a drum's a drum." But a great



These things will cut your face off, the drum maker said. They're really loud.

booms, and began pounding the bottom out of it with a stop-block. After a couple days of that, a friend suggested he file the edges rather than pound them into submission. It took two stacks of pipe to get it right, and he sold his first shell five minutes after it was at the time. That was in 1970.

Since then, Kephenger has changed his method only slightly. Instead of discs of machine steel pipe, he now picks out steel metal and has it cut,

and when you snare it. Or if you boogie it up a bit, it feels like you're slapping the surface of a large bowl of silk.

And did I mention that this drum is loud? With a snare in hand, it takes my left elbow—a most lack of the wire, really—to make an entire audience duck and cover. But that's too easy. The real appeal of this drum is in playing only slightly. Instead of discs of machine steel pipe, he now picks out steel metal and has it cut,

drum in the hands of a great drummer can take you to snare or level, and perhaps that's why Blakey also played a Kephenger.

So, here's your chance to make a really big noise. Contact Gregg Kephenger at P.O. Box 19774, Seattle, Washington 98183; 206-432-1714. Remember, you can order the best shell or a fully decorated drum. When it arrives, set it up and start managing those sweet spots. Don't be shy, take it out for a while. It's your piece.

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Man At His Best

The Enlightened Traveler Walk Like a Goat

BY DAVID BUTWIN

FOR ALMOST FOUR hours, we'd done a fair imitation of the ibex, the agile alpine goat of mountain forests, but the mountain was still nowhere in sight. Already labeled as was a quarter of narrow ledges, rocky ascent, and though high snowfields. We were a kind of Swiss Americans, more correct with such things like nature and great mountains than companies and countries. Our goal was the eleven thousand foot Fu Lian peak—the Matterhorn, but no walk to the more often.

At last, around 1,800 feet, we three members came the noble dick of a mountain but I moved off my backpack and let out a triumphant whoop. My legs ached, my stomach growled with hunger, but the climb was over. Or was it?

"Don't stop now," said our guide, a somewhat eccentric New Yorker named Fred Jacobson. "The summit's another ten hundred meters. The trail's steep and snowy, but the views are spectacular. We can have lunch when we get back here."

I glared at him, who had said to the dick. For an instant there was shared melody in my eyes. Then we struggled and reached for our guide.

Jacobson was right, though it helped to hear him say otherwise. "Without actually being on a rope, that's the closest thing to a real high climb." He should know. As a mountaineering hiking guide, Jacobson has led summer treks in the Swiss Alps for dozens of years and climbed all the high peaks in Switzerland. In his words, you'll be dragged to some of the most dazzling views in Europe, but you'll also learn what makes

the alpine rise in early June to the late yellowing of the larches in late October.

In his low-bean Jacobson, the corners of his eyes and his teeth, smiling that the rope are for experienced hikers or people in "reasonable physical condition." There's room, however, for marginal peaks with a bit of gas. They can get pretty early on rope, led by a backup guide, which may look up with the A word for lunch as a meal or a mountain cafe.

We were a mixed and odd group of four—maybe more independent than Fred predicted—that met in Pöschingen in June to take on the last dinks and early flowers of the Engadine, a broad valley with snow-capped peaks and pine-edged lakes, tucked up to the Italian and Austrian borders. No matter how hard the going got—and it did—Fred Jacobson was the leader—there was always a mountain but waiting in the

quiet edge of my stomach, and with lunch or a snack. Over a plate of spaghetti and steak or a slice of salami (cured, cold), we took in dry, dead trees, snow, or dirty blue playing tag at the edge of the cliff.

Sometimes no long evenings fed put us on actual mountains or Swiss trains to save time and corridors. One day four of us went AWOL and drove to Soglio, a quiet cluster of stone houses tucked up to a mountainous near the Italian border. It was on our hiking itinerary, but I wanted another go at the garden cafe of the Palazzo Sella hotel. Hikers drop in to the cleanest garden all day for rooms and restaurants and small pulled meats. We lagged among the faded blue and fresh roses, glad to be off the trail.

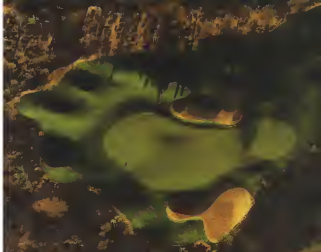
At Pöschingen we were an easy walk around the lake from St. Moritz, the chic and busy town that high on Jacobson's list. As each one things, he had a right, but I found it instructive to see how the other half lived: two games, afternoon cruises, jacket-and-tie dining at the Serravallo House at Filles Hotel, modern bourgeois living. Pöschingen, an easy town with its suburban along with sports shops, with books and parks and leather shoes set out on the street; brown stone, clay terraces and soft pines up at the Hotel Walther.

Jacobson pointed out the open bolic coverings, graffiti on the stone balconies, and had us saying "Viva," the local motto, with our thumbs, a cold, clear whistles. And of course he taught us how to hike: short strides, flat soles, soft footings, lead feet. "A heavy guide never told me, 'Don't hurt the rock.'"

For more information on Fred Jacobson's hiking tours, contact Chappagne Travel, One South Gravelly Avenue, Chappagne, New York 10514, 800-446-1361. Local call for a ten day trip is \$1,175.



Hike your boots off, then return to a long bath, a relaxed dinner, and a night under starchy eider-downs



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Man At His Best



House Hunting A House in the Hamptons

By PAUL SCHNEIDER

The Place: Eastern Long Island. Where various migratory Manhattaners have muscled since the first shingle "cottage" was built here in 1837.

The Market: The suburbanization, including condos in Manhattan and other unworkable, is somewhere around \$140,000. This might get you a perfectly nice little house with no pool, no privacy, no view—not even of a potato field—and certainly no negligible down money to drop into construction while buying the day's fifth hand.

A more realistic starting price is probably \$180,000-\$200,000. Location is almost everything, with oceanfront being the top dollar—conscious in those parts meaning your front yard is wet sand. Next best is bayfront, followed by a water view, then a "high view," then a potato-field view, then privacy. Beautiful beaches everywhere.

standing, a pool is almost de rigueur and so adds little more to the value of a house than the price of installing one, say \$25,000-\$30,000. Absence of land to put a pool on, however, can knock down the price to \$75,000 or so. A tennis court, or room to install one, is much more valuable, adding as much as \$100,000. A golf link? Don't be greedy. Where does it end? Look at it this way: There are occasional houses in East Hampton that rent for \$200,000 a summer.

The Secret Factor: The premium for specific views and neighborhood can be tricky, by nature even. It's not as difficult now that the old notion that you must be "back at the highway" has been dropped to paranoiac status. Besides, most people know what rows they want before they come, based on dream newspapers that are

only partly untrue. East Hampton, modern, angular, four-car garages, perimeter walls (the hedges are higher, the money is older), Sipsbach/Wasson, unspoiled beauty and unique value notwithstanding, was discovered by Hollywood, Sag Harbor, another crystal waves with no dye, palaces, high, Sympson, hanging banners with undergrowth, more huge, Westhampton, too far west. The only sure way to find a bargain is to go wherever you find a desperate seller, but that would be missing the point entirely.

The Bottom: Go go is gone. To the east, according to some, of a 25 percent overall drop in prices from the highs of 1977-1979. A three-bedroom in Sayville that had for \$225,000 sold for \$165,000, a \$600,000 spec house between East

Hampton and Sag Harbor, after a year on the market, is listed at \$495,000. But it's not exactly a hot sale. In general, the top of the market is holding because the ocean is sufficiently well-off to weather land a bit, and because uncertainty is overblown. They're not making any more of it. The bottom of the market is also moving, if at lower prices, because there are always people trying to get a leg in the door. It's the middle that couldn't hold—that were simply too many spec houses and too many Wall Street layoffs. There are signs that the worst may be over, however. The Gulf was not off a record house that offered some million to other than a heaven off the market. That \$20,000 in actual income could put about every the mortgage for another year. Or buy a handsome Cherokee right now. ■

The Listing:
Dutch Colonial shingle "cottage" in East Hampton, built in 1938. Five bedrooms, five fireplaces, one "fourth-floor, pondlike" rock pool with pool house on one and a half acre and a quarter mile from the ocean. Asking price: \$2.1 million. Source: Allan M. Schneider & Associates, East Hampton.



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MICHAEL MILKEN FREE AT LAST!

For the meal ticket of the Eighties, jail may be the only refuge from the lawyers, journalists, and charity hounds who feasted on him right up to the very end

BY TAD FRIEND

MANHATTAN, NOVEMBER 21, 1990:
THE SENTENCING

MICHAEL MILKEN WALKED INTO courtroom 31A at exactly 10:00 a.m., and two dozen journalists awaited. "MM looks nervous." That was banker who had addressed tabloid fame (JUNE 1989) JUNE 1989 JUNE 1989 JUNE 1989. Milken had long been known about as a cocaine addict, a party rich and vulgar manipulator—but up close he proved mostly nervous. And rather handsome. When he had walked up the courthouse steps in his dull grey suit, the onlookers seemed amazed that this was anyone was the famous Milken. "Hey, junk head man!" they'd shouted at him, giddy. "Yo, Michael baby!" He didn't look up.

In court now, Milken sought his wife, Lori, in the front row. She glowered at him in disgust. Presiding Judge William Consoer, who had made an effort to smile toward her without catching the eye of anyone else in the huge gallery of reporters, lawyers, and onlookers.

Richard Sandif, Milken's childhood friend, personal lawyer, and self-appointed image guardian, sat beside him

at the defense table with a look of dry terror. Stephen Karas, the lawyer brought in to ease the enormous final round of plea discussions with the government—discussions that led to Milken's pleading guilty to six counts of false filing, securities fraud, and conspiracy, and his paying \$600 million in April 1990—a nod with his arms folded, his Mount Rushmore face grave. Arthur Liman, Milken's \$450-a-hour lead attorney, formerly the SEC's counsel in the Iran contra affair and probably the best known white-collar defense lawyer in the country, stood alone, looking over his hands coming plus for decency. He brooded with his hands clasped behind his back, like a dog's eyes as it is sent.

When the lawyers began charging off, Milken looked toward the front row. He seemed to be looking at Lori's face, as if they were the most fascinating conversationalists in the world, which they are not. Milken and his attorneys had grown famous during the last year or so, when one of his lawyers had told him a joke about a white-collar criminal quipped with a early-fifties (the punch line is, "All right, husband, come up here and suck your wife's cock"). Milken, having the likelihood of his own imprisonment, received a good laugh.

At the government's table, the federal prosecutors sat poised



Illustration by Jeff Poy

One California man had written Judge Wood, "My family and I wish to see Milken hung by his balls until death."

but expressions, the very signs of blind moral authority. In the press box, the restless Kurt Eichenwald of *The New York Times* and Lorence Cohen of *The Wall Street Journal*, who had done so much to shape the public perception of Milken, gazed at him like profets considering an event destined of enormous worth.

Then Judge Kimba Wood stood up and everyone stood in sudden silence as she read the bench.

THE HOLY WAR

MICHAEL MILKEN, AT AGE FORTY-FOUR, still the most private of men, was about to receive the most publicly swayed verdict in the Wall Street corruption cases. Though he'd fled guilty only to minor infractions, Milken was a major figure. As the head of Drexel Burnham Lambert's arrogantly profitable high-yield-bond department, he became famous. When he began saving huge sums of money for himself—not to say his fellow-takeovers (\$1.1 billion for Rite Aid's acquisition of Revlon, \$2.3 billion for Kohlberg Kravis's purchase of Revlon), he became infamous.

Milken became infamous for Drexel, and Drexel shrank for the notorious 1984. As Phil Donhouse and what he did a show with one head of former Drexel employees: "Listen, you are mostly white, mostly northeastern, Yale Harvard types. You are mostly Republican. You were raised in Connecticut. You never ride the subway. So who gives a damn about you guys?"

All prominent criminal cases are infused with the rhetoric of a crusade, but this one became a Holy War, pitting Milken's supporters against the government, against Drexel, against "unholy" journalists, against the tidal wash of public opinion. No one was neutral about Michael Milken. He had an ally, Zelig-like guy in this enormous journalism had made him a vessel for the public's hopes and fears. The government pursued him as if he were Al Capone, but lawyers shunned him as if he were Mother Teresa.

And by largely denying the press access, Milken himself all but disappeared under the weekly furor of charges and countercharges; it was as if the world's largest auction had crowded into Monaco and began bidding one another work called up newspapers. Former Drexel managing director Chris Armstrong wrote Judge Wood, "We all created him, because Michael the product was an easy to sell. We created an image of mystery, of mystery—someone larger than life and bigger than life." Michael was a product of the Reagan Revolution. CEO Fred Joseph's product... and, notably, he was [chief prosecutor] Rudolph Giuliani's product. In his own words and emotional eleven-page letter to Judge Wood two weeks before sentencing, Milken wrote, "Much of my life during the past few years has been like a [sic] Hong Kong, with every citizen on either side of the aisle... as a symbol for the three new men," and pleaded, "let me return to a life of sanity."

One view of Milken—word of how he should be sentenced—depended on whether you were one of the few he'd made rich

or the many who believed he had solely impoverished the whole country. Hundreds of Milken's clients and fellow employees wrote supplicatory letters to Judge Wood declaring Milken an angel, the man who funded the American Dream. Steve Wynn, owner of the Golden Nugget Casino and a favored Milken client, once said of his benefactor, "I love him. He is my favorite living human."

But many agreed with colleagues like Michael Thomas and Ben Stern that the whole junk bond market was a fraudulent Ponzi scheme (to which you sell to Peter to pay Paul) that fed America's growing national debt. One California man had written Judge Wood, "My family and I... wish to express our desire to see [Milken] hung by his balls until death."

The evidence numbers alone explained why Milken's story would be the inspiration for, or play an important role in, at least eight books: Milken made well over \$2 billion in the 1980s, \$550 million from Drexel in 1983 alone. The government subpoenaed over 1.5 million documents from Drexel, which spent over \$40 million compiling them. The Securities & Exchange Commission spent at least \$4 million and 36,000 man-hours pursuing the investigation. Milken's chief counsel, Lucian's firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, billed \$13 million in the first three years alone, and those other law firms worked on Milken's behalf. Over 130 lawyers were eventually involved in one capacity or another. "This case is like a Chinese menu," says Milken's lawyer Stephen Kaufman. "You don't know what to look at first."

The case gripped legal as anxious and dozen. A fairly typical head-hearing, almost anyone at random from a lengthy card of Milken-round names, was that between *The Wall Street Journal's* Laurie Cohen and Michael Armstrong, the lawyer for Milken's brother, Lowell, who had worked with Milken in Beverly Hills and who had also been indicted. Cohen says, "During the first round of plea negotiations between Milken and the government, in January 1984, I was getting out-of-office by drinks from Michael. Armstrong, about negotiations was occurring. Armstrong later told me there were some times when it was okay to be if it would be better for your client."

Armstrong replies, "I don't think I led to her, but I didn't go out of my way to put her straight. I did later tell her there are circumstances when you have to be for your client." Not out to leave it there, Armstrong adds, "Laurie Cohen, in my view, was totally in the government's pocket. She had a direct pipeline into the government, and she shamelessly slanted her stories. I think she got caught."

To involve the Holy War before sentencing, Judge Wood had earlier ordered a rarely held *Ponzi* hearing to examine the proven of Milken's alleged criminal behavior, a decision the defense hated. "Ponzi hearings are for people whose names end in vowels," as one Milken attorney put it, referring to milken. "We begin to think that [Wood] wanted more exposure on the case, that she was ambivalent." The defense did surprisingly well in the *Ponzi* hearing—Judge Wood found that the government didn't prove any of the three alleged crimes it presented, though it did prove obstruction of justice—and with a prob-

Barbarians at the Plate



A guide to those who fed off Michael Milken

Arthur Liman

Lead defense attorney

At \$450 an hour, the most famous white-collar defense lawyer in America earned his client a ten-page invoice.

Laurie Cohen

Lead-street reporter

The Wall Street Journal Her was one of the paper because of her Milken coverage, but some say the prosecution contacted her.

Kurt Eichenwald

Wall Street-based reporter

The New York Times Repeatedly scooped by Laurie Cohen in the journal, he reportedly inquired about working there.

Kimba Wood

Presiding judge

The world said, "When he said began using things like 'I'm over her head, but I'll be there to see you,' thought the had kept it."

Lowell Milken

Michael's brother

Used by the prosecution as a bargaining chip. Although Michael's plea got him off the hook, Lowell begged his brother not to testify.

Monty Hall

Game-show host

Made a deal? Milken made junk bonds to his SEC, Hall wrote a letter to Judge Wood on his behalf.

Ivan Boesky

Wall Street writer

Formerly a writer who wrote Milken out for a lighter sentence. Convicted the government Milken was the last corruption lawyer.

Rudolph Giuliani

Former U.S. attorney

Witnessed the case, against Milken. Ambitious, used, emotional, and self-promoting—the ideal prosecutor for the 1980s.

Bruce Baird

Former chief of securities fraud for CitiCorp

The "find out" in the case against Milken. Baird helped prosecute Milken for a \$150 million securities.

Fred Joseph

Former CEO, Citicorp

The sentence lower than in the world and ended with the government to fight on. Milken wanted to fight on.

Richard Sandler

Milken's childhood friend and personal lawyer

The image guardian. An insurance apologist for Michael, who made him exceedingly rich.

Ken Lerer

Milken's PR man

A \$275 an-hour master of spin control, he found it all but impossible to change Milken's lucky image.

Stephen Kaufman

Defense lawyer

Brought in by Liman to help negotiate the plea. Possibly the most trustworthy of Milken's lawyers.

Michael Armstrong

Lowell Milken's lawyer

The SEC and he physically tried to block its parallel in one flag change with the case against Milken.

Connie Bruck

Author, *The Predators' Ball*

Milken offered to pay her not to publish her damning manuscript. Later, his PR man rejected the book made it a best seller.

Mathematical Computations

"We saw you hugging Michael Milken and if you tell us about your relationship with him, we'll protect you."

According to someone in the room, at one point Bruce Bernd told to Joseph, "This is outrageous! You're talking about money and I'm talking about justice!" Joseph replied, "I'm talking about the jobs of people I'm going to have to fire—and you get the same headlines for \$200 million."

Milken began phoning Joseph and other Drexel officials to urge them not to settle, suggesting that the bank was really caring, not to the evidence, but to Goldman's threat to indict Drexel under the controversial Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations (RICO) Act, originally intended as a weapon against the mob. A RICO indictment would have allowed the government to freeze Drexel's assets, in which case Drexel estimated it would have had to file for bankruptcy within days.

In the course of his rambling, pleading phone calls, Milken repeated a parable about persecution: The government lawyers were the Nazis, and Drexel officials were the good Germans who hadn't stood up for the Jews. Though Milken is famous for never maligning people, he clearly felt Joseph had made him a symbol of the "bad" Drexel to settle the "good" Drexel—and made a pragmatic decision to sit back.

Once the book came, it came late and ugly. One Milken adviser told better, "Fred Joseph wasn't misled by Michael. He knew what was going on every step of the way, and now he's trying to distance himself. Fred basically connected Michael—he instilled him in the bank."

Drexel officials say that after the SEC filed its charges against Milken and Drexel in September, Milken's friends and his public relations firm tried to discredit Drexel by disavowing journalists as employees loyal to Milken who would had enough the firm, and by spreading the canard that Joseph had made a secret deal with the government to plead the company guilty in return for personal immunity. His PR firm denies any such campaign.

On December 21 the government said Drexel that unless it settled it would be indicted at \$400 million. The Drexel board met and, after much debate, concluded that the government's case was only getting stronger, that they couldn't survive a RICO hit, and that they were defending the wrong man. It finally voted seven to six to plead guilty to six felony counts and to pay \$450 million.

In April 1989 Drexel cut four thousand jobs. In February 1990 it went bankrupt. Drexel managers now wish they'd before the RICO hit and gone into bankruptcy after the 1987 indictment, rather than sinking into the shabby prison ship deals done with Chinese take-out menus in their "incubator area" (two chairs). In one executive's view it, "If you're on a sailing ship surrounded by fish-eating sharks and you have an insufficiently protected lifeboat, you take the life boat. Two weeks later when you're incarcerated and delirious and you're talking anyone, you're going to wish you'd jumped in with the sharks. We would have lost any way—Michael would have pleaded and there is no one to blame—we would have let better about it. It would have been the right thing to do."

THE PLEA

AFTER DREXEL SETTLED, THE GOVERNMENT gave Milken a "day dead" date in March 1993, by which time he had to plead guilty to two counts and pay a fine of about \$210 million or be imprisoned. A week after the deadline Arthur Lamm called acting U.S. Attorney Dennis Ruggins and said, "We'll take your last offer of two counts." (The call was unexpected and almost clandestine: speculation that other Milken advisers strongly denied or were unaware of until very recently.) But the government's case had gotten stronger since the last discussion and the indictment was about to come down. "Without even looking at the other prosecutors in the room, Ruggins said calmly, 'This case has passed.'"

On March 29, Milken was indicted under RICO on twenty-eight counts of securities fraud, largely on allegations having to do with Ivan Boesky and Francisco Novikov. His brother, Lowell, and trader Bruce Newberg were also indicted. Bruce had put Milken's arrangement phone tap on his brother's board, using it as a mental dart board.

But by the time the next round of decisions began, in late 1988, Drexel had left the government for private practice and Milken was facing the threat of a suspended indictment. The government would have doubted the number of illegal relation ships Milken was accused of from two to five. The number of counts would also have increased, and one Milken adviser says, the indictment began to sink in that there was "a very high risk of being convicted of more than five or six counts if you're indicted on over a hundred."

Two factors finally convinced Milken to settle, both involving his relatives. The first was that FBI agents visited Milken's grandfather, Louis Zax, who in 1970 was and has two hearing aids, to question him about stock transactions. Zax was badly shaken by the encounter, and after Milken heard the news he turned to a friend and said, "This is never going to stop, is it?" (One reporter who had observed him following Milken had earlier advised a woman named Joyce Nash and said, "We saw you hugging Michael Milken and if you tell us about your relationship with him, we'll protect you." "Yes he does," she said. The reporter rang off quietly.)

The second factor was Lowell. Michael Armstrong says, "Lowell was in that indictment to put pressure on Michael, and when I said this to the prosecutors they smiled and looked away—they didn't argue." The government had told Lamm and Kaufman that they wouldn't ask the dropping of Lowell's indictment to Michael's plea bargain (on the theory that if Lowell was guilty enough to indict, he should have been guilty enough to prosecute). Then the prosecutors asked that Michael wouldn't plead and leave Lowell to fight alone, and they dropped themselves. Milken's lawyers accuse Attorney General Richard Thornburgh himself of derailing Lowell's burgeoning case. "It's weeks of hearings taking, at Stephen's Office," one says angrily.

His lawyers told Milken that if he accepted the no-count plea, he was facing three or five years, possibly much less. All



WHAT A MAGNIFICENT DAY FOR SAILING. A constant breeze starboard side. Not another boat in sight. And the most serene water. Such ideal conditions provided us with the smoothest course I had ever navigated. It was all the inspiration I needed to christen this heavenly vessel. Would it be sacrilege, I wondered, to rename her "The Glenfiddich"? No, I corrected myself. It would be my usual tendency toward exaggeration.



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Kurt Eichenwald, understandably furious, came over to Laurie Cohen and, she says, called her "a psychotic bitch."

alleged insider trading with Hollywood producer Jon Peters and another's alleged cocaine problem). Several Drexel employees told me that neither Cohen nor Eichenwald was involved in the case. But the firm offered to edit their letters. According to a former Robinson, Lake employee, the firm also ghostwrote Milken's e-mail. A good-guy op-ed piece by businessman Kenneth Lewis told Spot magazine columnist Stephen Smith, among others: "Then Robinson, Lake employees also say the firm keeps files on journalists containing stories they have written and a rating of perceived 'hostilities.'" (Lewis strongly denies these charges.)

Ironically, the case went from being a Milken's PR campaign won't Robinson, Lake's doing. The work after the SEC filed charges against Drexel and Milken, in September 1993, Milken took 1,700 underprivileged children to a Mass game at Shea Stadium. The press was not informed, but New York's chairman of education happened to mention Milken's place at a Drexel breakfast meeting where reporters were present. The resulting pictures and publicity hurt Milken to this day. As one Milken lawyer says—while trying to shift the blame to Drexel's corporate public relations team—"It was seen as an attempt by Milken to make himself into a hard-core vendor, a common person. It was a disaster."

Robinson, Lake's strategy with newspapers was to begin allowing cautious access to Milken so that reporters could get to know the man they were attacking. The firm arranged off-the-record meetings with reporters and editors at The New York Times, The Los Angeles Times, and The Washington Post, and kept the circle around Milken, with the caveat that Milken wouldn't talk about the case and his lawyers would vet all quotes. Reporters found the company was never tempered and apologetic—when he wasn't overly emotional and defensive. Yet if they engaged Milken, they felt uneasy. "Journalists are most often on the side of prosecutors, treating the high and the mighty," says BusinessWeek's Clint Wilkin. "You always look before you're writing. 'Go get those biscuits.' It probably hurt me that I was taking a more demure line—people wonder, 'Where you sold out to this guy?'"

At one time or another, almost every reporter on the case was considered an apologist for the government or the defense. Kurt Eichenwald, The New York Times's highly respected Wall Street-beat reporter for the last two years, was often accused of trading down with the defense. Eichenwald and Cohen, though, had a brief conversation in the hallway during a break in Milken's press briefing that forced into a debate about how to cover the story. Brock used the testimony of a Milken trader who was damaging to Milken, and Eichenwald said that what the trader had described was not proof of Milken's obstructing justice.

"I can't believe you'd be as naive as to think there would be a non-political and Milken wouldn't be behind it," Brock said. "I guess that's the difference between coming to work your mouth up and coming to go down to the evidence," Eichenwald said.

Brock walked away, then alerted Eichenwald in the New York Post, declaring that Arthur Lomas could have written his notes.

Eichenwald says, "If you try to stay in the middle, it's very difficult—you get consumed from both sides. The only person

who really knows my opinion is my wife." In fact, though Eichenwald's opinion was relatively sympathetic to Milken, they were within the range of objective reporting. His problem, really, was that The New York Times was biased by The Wall Street Journal on The Washington Post on almost every development since the case began. Because the government suggested all the developments, Eichenwald was, by default, seen as close to the defense.

Eichenwald's relations with the Journal's Laurie Cohen were deeply influenced by their different sources and their temperaments. Eichenwald is homesick and still mourning, fond of posing rhetorical questions and still saying they're uncomfortable as posed, while Cohen has the sensibility of a Dobberman. During a previous visit, Cohen had the Journal's lawyers call the judge to evict Eichenwald from her chambers, where he had gone as a pool reporter. Eichenwald, understandably furious, came over to Cohen and, she says, called her "a psychotic bitch." (Eichenwald says he asked, "Are you psychotic?") Cohen and Robinson, Lake were even more hostile and confrontational. Cohen says, "Basically, every time I wrote a story they complained. It was annoying. They kept making it seem like Kurt Eichenwald was the smart reporter and I was the dumb one. But I feel most of my reporting was done out by the results."

Later says that Cohen was used by the government to pressure Milken, and points to particular in the rightist states Cohen wrote about the government's investigation that led a superseding indictment would be filed soon. In February 1994 Lewis wrote to the Journal's managing editor, Norman Pearlstine, with statistics on the number of cases the Journal had run stories using "blatant" sources about the superseding indictment. Lewis admonished Pearlstine for "continuing to provide a forum for those who want to hear Michael Milken." Pearlstine's deputy managing editor, Paul Berger, wrote back, "You are wasting your client's money and our time."

THE SENTENCING

LEIMAN CONCLUDED HIS SPEECH WITH A "prayer to the court" for a sentence of community service and six years. Milken charged Lomas's aim was to influence the judge. Wood had already made her decision and thus Lomas's last long speech was pointless in that regard; the last artillery round was lobbed toward press apologetics.

Judge Wood, who had been nodding throughout Lomas's remarks, said, "Thank you, Mr. Lomas, for a very fine presentation," and asked Milken if he had any comments. Milken stood and, in a choked voice, said, "What I did wanted you to see the law but all of my own principles and values. I deeply regret it and will for the rest of my life. I am truly sorry."

Judge Wood, looking down compassionately, said, "Thank you, Mr. Milken. Your letter was a very moving one, as was the letter from your wife, Lori, and I thank you for writing to the court." One defense lawyer in the courtroom, speaking in the standard litigator's lexicon of sexual threat, says he was momentarily heartened. "If you're going to fuck somebody, you don't

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look them in the eye and thank them by name for their letter," Assistant U.S. Attorney Jon Tardella then briefly and unceremoniously addressed the court, advising Milken's lawyers but asking for "substantial cooperation."

Tardella sat down and Judge Wood, after taking a breath, began to speak in his peevish, authoritative tones. Milken was hunched down in his chair, but his lawyers leaned forward as if Wood were whispering, alert to every nuance—which meant that they kept reverting wildly. They rose when Wood read the world's sentence Milken as "a verdict on a decade of greed," ask when the said, "You may have committed only subtle crimes but become you were not disposed to any restraint before or but because you were willing to commit only crimes that were unlikely to be detected," but rose again when the said, "I have given considerable thought to whether a sentence of lengthy community service would be an adequate penalty here."

Daniel Lippman from Fleming, a spokesman, says, "I was thinking two years, ten years, two years, depending on where the sun was in his remarks."

Like most suit cases, Judge Wood said she was going to impose a sentence with both a prison term and community service to deter others from following Milken's path. She concurred, almost comically. "Because changes are likely to take place in community programs between today and the day you are released from prison, it would be appropriate to select a particular program for you today." The defense took each other's snappy jabs. The was going to be a severe rebuke.

Judge Wood grinned, then said, "Mr. Milken, please rise." Though Lippman quickly stands with his clients to hear the sentence, he made an audible decision that Milken, who had been seen as overpowered for four years, would want to stand alone. But he had to give Milken an arm up and steady him with a hand to the back as he faced the bench, shaking.

Judge Wood, glancing at her notes, said, "I sentence you to a total of six years in prison"—short were gasps in the audience—"and I also sentence you to three years of full-time community service."

Milken sat down, and in the chaos turned to his lawyers and asked what had happened—"no shock, he didn't know what he'd gotten," "I thought he had misheard," says Michael Armstrong, who was sitting behind the defense table. "My mind groped for my explanation."

A huge column of gaspers fanned on the courthouse steps, as buses pulled and four TV crews lowered around the crowd, all waiting for Milken to emerge. Journalists, throwing in their overcoats and shaking their heads in astonishment, bounced leads off one another. The most popular seemed to be, "The Tardella act over." Half an hour later Ken Kern came out and, almost offhandedly, commented to a few reporters that there would be no questions. Milken, watching as usual, had gone out the back.

THE AFTERMATH

CURIOUSLY, JUDGE WOOD'S FINDINGS comforted both sides. Ken Tardella said he had justified his approach, so did Lippman. "The government can say he got ten years," one Milken adviser put it out, "and the defense can say he was basically acquitted of the Enron charges. It's an available ending. But you can't find my company guilty." In February, Wood ruled that the total loss to investors from Milken's crimes was only \$184,000, and recommended that Milken serve thirty-six to thirty months before being paroled. The Times viewed it as a vindication of Eichengreen's analysis of the recent of

Wood's sentence and ran a story on its front page, the *Journal* played it second on page B4.

Following the sentencing, the judge's prison appeared in *The New York Times*, and friends flocked to tell him how gratifying the looked, then ran around for a graceful way to say, "What a great sentence." She turned down more than fifteen interview requests in the first week alone. "It might not be appropriate to comment on a case like this," Wood says. Her name was frequently mentioned for a vacancy on the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, and her onetime supporters speculated that she would eventually replace Justice Sandra Day O'Connor on the Supreme Court.

The sentence left the government's lawyers glumly shocked. "I never in my wildest dreams thought we'd be in one creeked as we were," says Bruce Bess. "The case caught the imagination of the press and had a maximum deterrent value." Though they believed Judge Wood had given the stiff sentence to encourage Milken to cooperate (if he did, Wood said, she would consider reducing his prison term), the prosecutor's office quickly sponsored a joke about Saddam Hussein looking into a mirror and saying, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the nastiest of them all?" The answer, of course, "Qaddafi," and Hussein runs out and tells his advisers to slaughter a million Kurds. He questions the mirror a third time, then runs out and asks his advisers, "Who's Saddam Hussein?"

On March 3, Milken started the retirement-security camp at Pleasanton, California, where he shares 360 square feet with three other men, runs up to 40 coats a day, and is forbidden to wear his trousers. Though Milken still had an estimated \$1.5 billion fortune, much of it was expected to leak away as he settled the cases that fifty civil suits against him. The \$400 million Milken paid the government to settle civil suits plaintiffs was invested in treasury notes, earning 7½ percent—surely the best investment vehicle Milken would have chosen. In the final irony, Drexel was planning to sue Milken, and Milken, who it said owed his 1984 compensation (roughly \$300 million), may well sue back. The lucrative marriage of Milken and Joseph was headed for a lucrative divorce—lucrative for the lawyers, at least.

The mood among Milken's lawyers, who were widely criticized for not having strong-armed Milken into pleading guilty and on more favorable terms, was by turns funeral and outraged. "Unless we're the biggest bunch of fools that ever came down the pike," Stephen Kaufman says with restrained anger, "we wouldn't have pleaded a case to get a ten-year sentence." He adds sourly, "Lowell [in outrage]—a wanted belief. Michael's good deeds—making. It's a tremendous disappointment. What the hell do you offer as a lawyer? You utter judgments."

Shortly before he went to jail, Milken had another at a series of meetings with prosecutors. Instead of naming criminals in the SEC, industry, Milken launched into a wondrous philippic about why the debt his name had been synonymous with was good for America. Afterward, back at Arthur Lippman's law firm, Milken trailed solemnly after his attorneys. His mouth cast was unbuttoned, he had put on weight. His head was down and he shuffled his feet desperately through the carpet. He looked less like the top of the pyramid, the man massive and powerful businessman in the country, the symbol of a decade, then like a small boy after school. "Everyone else gets to move on to the rest of their lives except him," says a close friend. "He gets to go to jail and think about what it all means." B



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THE
PASSIONATE
VISION
OF
BETTINA
RHEIMS



JOSIE, PARIS, 1969



LAUREN HUTTON, PARIS, 1969

BETTINA RHODES WAS THE LITTLE GIRL who promised to show you hers if you showed her yours, but you had to go first. And you did. Only now if you did, you might wind up on a wall in a museum or a gallery, or on someone's coffee table in a book of her photographs. At thirty-eight, Bettina Rhodes still wants to know what's under there.

"If you undress someone it's because you're curious about what's underneath the clothes," says Rhodes, who recalls that she's shy "I'm curious."

And talented. Rhodes is one of Europe's most celebrated photographers, sought after by magazines, advertising firms, and galleries. She has published three books of photographs: a monograph, *Female Trouble*, and *Modern Lovers*, and her work can be found in many private and public art collections. But Rhodes is hardly known in the United States. Her books have yet to be published here and only a handful of her photographs have appeared in American magazines.

Over the next few months, however, Americans will be exposed to Bettina Rhodes. In April, a show of the enigmatic subjects in *Modern Lovers* opened at the Valley View Gallery in Los Angeles, and a similar exhibit is set for New York's Pico/MacGill Gallery in July.

Rhodes first dabbled with the camera at age thirteen, when she worked as a photographer's assistant at Paris Match. She then gave it up for a few years to model in New York—"I was

too short and my nose wasn't straight enough."

After moving back to her native Paris, Rhodes worked in an avant-garde art gallery and took up photography again. "It was the only thing that gave me pleasure." On the other side of the camera, Rhodes started photographing nudes of women, mostly strippers. Two years later, her work appeared in a group show, and much to her surprise, she began receiving assignments from magazines.

What distinguishes Rhodes's photographs is the tenderness with which she deals with sexuality. Her nudes—there are many—were back in the vanguard as if to say, "I have nothing to hide, do you?" Her women (the rarely photographed men, often lonely and always coded, they be art, but they know what you like).

"There has to be a little obscenity in photography," she says with the confidence of that little girl who has undressed you. "For me it always has to do with the edge. Drawing the line at vulgarity. But sometimes it is better to be on the other side." ■



SELF-PORTRAIT, 1969



LIN ET LE FRIGIDAIRE, PARIS, 1966



AMANDA, PARIS, 1989



JEMY HOMBERT, PARIS, 1989



ISABELLE PASCO, PARIS, 1986

All Grown Up

and Nowhere to Go

Is it glamorous to
be young and ruthless
in Washington,
or is it just pragmatic?

By Jonathan Alter

THE YOUNG BUSH aide is named Smith, Curt Smith.

Problem already How to make an impression with a name like Smith? Smith's a conservative, but he knows enough about the way the town works to keep the liberals in mind when he spreads the word about himself.

Up on Smith's radar pops Mary McGrory, columnist for *The Washington Post* and patron saint of many young journalists, who has been

cradling the corpus of American liberalism in her arms since before Smith was born. They lunch. In Washington, that makes them friends, and Smith mentions that he knows how to play the piano. Wonderful! McGrory invites him to play at a traditional Christmas party she hosts for a children's charity.

At the party, the piano playing doesn't seem to be impressing anyone. Inevitably, somebody brings up the then-impending Gulf war. Smith

begins what is known as a full and frank exchange of views with

Mark Shields, another liberal columnist with whom he once tried to ingratiate himself. As the decibel level rises, Shields tells Smith he doesn't appreciate having his patriotism impugned. Smith, causing quite a scene, blames the Democrats for every foreign-policy fiasco in the last twenty years. He begins several sentences, "The trouble with you liberals is..."

Soon an account of the dustup



appears in the right-wing *Washington*

Times, with Smith himself in the heroic role. Who leaked it? Not me, says Smith. Couldn't have come from anyone else at the party, says McGrory. Having read the item, the President of the United States himself makes a point of personally thanking the young aide for standing up for him. That gesture, in turn, sees print. Mission accomplished. Mr. Smith has arrived in Washington.

Spader: We're more desensitized.

I'M AN ACTOR, NOT A GENERATIONAL SPOILER, but you mean certain things. There's a tremendous concentration on sexuality and sensuality. Remember when you could eat mushrooms and be gone for eight or twelve hours? All of a sudden it's cocaine. "I don't have time to drop acid or even smoke a joint," people say. "Cocaine only takes half an hour." There's this quick knock-out, and it's, "Well, smoke crack!" I spend my life in this way of life. The lack of respect for age, class, experience, parents, history—it's really scary.

The night in the middle—thirty-one. I look around at my peers and realize that most of the people I share and respect want to be of the generation before mine. The last Sinatra and Sammy Davis were the influences on my life—and I was all of ten years old. Most of my friends are in their late thirties. That's the class I'm most comfortable in. Our generation is still trying desperately to find a way out of its shadow and across at the top of its knapsack—about everything. We can't be secure; we're damned insecure about the world. We're more desensitized, desensitized—like sexual and alive.

I've played some of the worst of war generation. My attitude is, if I'm going to play him, I'm going to play him to the biggest asshole of all time. One of my ways of surviving myself is to get all the desensitized teachers right. The more complex you make that, the more distance you can put between yourself and what you handle.

What's achievement? Is it the quality of the music or the quality of the end? As far as I can tell, the end is just the running play to make money. You go there. You say, "I'll have to go home and walk up the next day. I'm friends and relatives try to buy a house, name a family, pay for insurance. That's how the fabric and name-calling about all of it. It's built. The only thing that unites us, maybe, is that—everyone!

How cultural some sort of strange society. For me, it was never by doing manual labor like five years after dropping out of boarding school. Someone else shows the hardware, then suddenly I have three children. The day-to-day struggle is the most heroic struggle anyone faces. Something was through a shortcut or a hole in the fabric is just not an heroic.



Photography

True Colors
White Collar
Red Influence
Sex, Lies, and Videotape
The Rachel Papers
Jack's Black
Wolf Street
Love Thru Zero
Memphis
Pretty in Pink
Red Hot
The New York
Endless Love

THAT LITTLE STORY CAME TO mind recently when I saw the movie *True Colors*, a tale of ambition and betrayal in the Eighties with John Cusack and James Spader. The movie's got problems. The Washington it charts has more current than any too inflexible, as if the Powers were a class rule instead of easily shifting sand. But anyone with even the slightest interest in politics and the dynamics of ambition will find it interesting, if only because the film got made in the first place. Besides Power, a peculiar Richard Gere vehicle, Hollywood has all but given up attempting to figure out Washington politics since the Seventies. Movie people, especially actors, spend all their natural ability all the time, some even turn up on the campaign trail. They give so much money to liberal causes that every major Democratic politician in the country has been forced to tack up to them. But when it comes to grappling concern with the complexities of politics—using their art form rather than just their money and celebrity—the film community invests much more (estimated in spending \$99 million on new ways to kill people).

At least producers Herbert Ross and Lawrence Mark have taken a stab at it; and Cusack, twenty-five, and Spader, thirty-one, deliver the quieter work that is turning them both into big stars. In *True Colors*, the two of them say work the backgrounds they usually bring in the screen—Cusack, lower middle class; Spader, born in comfort—but reveal the spin. Cusack's Peter Barron is the actual leader who will do anything to get ahead to Congress; Spader's Tim Gurney, naturally, has been trained from their days at universities in law school, in the classroom he never quite breaks. The clash between ambition and principles feels like symbolic clashing against your head. On the other hand, the movie does manage to provide—no addition, not cashmere, just pretense—the kind of mass that commercial Hollywood doesn't usually touch. By most, like when the Eighties don't or a crime prevention of it and how we can learn to think a little smarter about it.

IF NEW YORK WAS THE SOGOM OF THE EIGHTIES, Washington was Gomorrah. As the cameras look to say, the political process is nothing more than an analogue of the rest of the system, except that the regime of productivity isn't good but political ambition. And the attitude of unbridled power isn't much different than on Wall Street. Mass officials running under Ronald Reagan were indicted then under any other president in American history.

But because Washington isn't as explicit about self-interest as Wall Street, it makes a better plot dish for exposing moral confusion. The dramatic theme played out in Washington is, as it would have to be, ambition versus idealism. It's ambition and idealism versus the system. On this point, the Sinatra analogy was right. The system is the enemy.

All Grown Up and Nowhere to Go

Call it the Great Paradox. Contrary to popular impression, Congress is actually filled with entry-level, well-motivated public servants. The current leaders of the House and Senate (Tom Foley and George Mitchell) are warmer and more honest than just about any of their predecessors. The problem is that in situations they provide one of a barely performed charade pot—a primarily legal world of not an atmosphere. Since most history, in the form of campaign contributions, has led to the establishment of what amounts to a permanent Congress. To keep it that way, members spend huge chunks of their waking hours chasing money. Over time, they forget why they were there.

Remember Representative Tom Downey, elected at age twenty-five with the Whittaker class of 1974? Clean, smart, idealistic. He may still be, though the last year or two of how new member ABC News caught him riding one of those motor scooters with an insurance lobbyist in the backseat. And Downey is one of the better ones. The Senate seldom sees it. If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem. Now the people who mortgaged that slogan are clearly part of the problem.

That leaves changing the system to a group of people who are believed to be uniquely unprepared for the task. This generation, now roughly between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, is not only a generation at all. It's an undergeneration between the generation that came of age in the Sixties and the baby boomers. The Sixties are just an Oliver Stone movie. Consciously enough, this generation, colorful, adolescent transitional group—now young for Vietnam, too old for the Gulf—is the largest collection of people ever born in this country (1917 was the peak), considerably larger than the breaking record, AIDS, overextended generation, a lot of homeless, a long education system. The worst part is that the American people were 100 percent behind it because they have nothing else to believe in.

All the forces of media—press, TV, news, Internet, film—play a part in writing with the race to shape and confirm the state's remains of reality. I'm doing a play in Chicago called *The Accidental Death of an American*, by Dario Fo. One of the black comic themes is it is, "If the people get political consciousness, we're screwed." In the play, the state allows state and space in the credit

searchable to the people get indignation, but the real scandals don't get addressed at all. Look at us. The American people feel good, but they really should know about their country they wouldn't see as any a picture as Mr. Bush paints. I see it as a case of the response having no clothes.

This Newborn Generation, which came of age in the Seventies, is like an overgrown, confused middle schooler. It was okay that the financial leaders and others had all the fun, that table scraps of money and could have an impression, or at least better than anything happening in the Seventies. They raised the right questions and continued against selling out. For the more serious, this provided

Cusack: It's strong appetites, no taste.

I'VE SEEN A LOT OF PEOPLE LIKE HIM (PETER Spader), the blandly handsome character he plays in *True Colors*. I even see some of myself in him. He has his own money to the money around him. He plays the game by the rules he sees around him. I've even talked to people who really like what he's about. It's intriguing.

There has something in common with him in the character played in *The Grifters*. Both are profiles of dysfunctional people. They never learned to be honest. Peter is always embarrassed about his background—some Nixon, some Gary Hart. If the characters work, maybe they can make you reflect on yourself.

This movie, *True Colors*, is about something. It's about strong appetites, no taste. Surface confidence, no ideals. What are politics about now? Money, power, and feel good rhetoric. Reagan tells you you're a son of a bitch and it comes out as, "It's money and you're rich." George Bush put around something like it's called self-interest. I see a country so bloodthirsty it began to risk to a war in which real people were dying in football games. I saw propaganda saying that Ambler had less intrinsic value than our I saw Bush trying to destroy attention from the collapse of the breaking economy, AIDS, overextended generation, a lot of homeless, a long education system. The worst part is that the American people were 100 percent behind it because they have nothing else to believe in.

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Photography

True Colors
The Grifters
For Kids of Little Boy
Sex, Lies, and Videotape
The Rachel Papers
Jack's Black
Wolf Street
Love Thru Zero
Memphis
Pretty in Pink
Red Hot
The New York
Endless Love

a needed starter step on the road to business school.

But eventually the self-consciousness of the older siblings eroded the kinship. Because they controlled the media's spin, they found it easy to disguise as puppets everyone who came after their golden age. This was annoying; after all, it was the Stones types, not their kid brothers and sisters, who had done most of the selling out. And the thirty-five- to forty-five-year-olds were the ones with the money for the bourgeois accommodations in the first place. They were the accomplished individuals. Worse, the older siblings kept moving the goalposts. When they were twentyish, they wanted no one over thirty; when they were thirtyish, they wanted no one under thirty; now they're fortyish, and everyone younger will have to wait years before getting their hands on anything. As fifty, no doubt, they'll resign that they're in reality too young to run the department or handle the client.

BEYOND the temptation to betray your friends by telling the truth, Washington isn't as rough a town as it's cracked up to be.

THE SIXTIES GENERATION legitimized hypocrisy. It was to aspire to do what's right and, full stop, then to carry it as if. The Seventies' posturing legitimized cynicism. It's all bull-shit, why not get in there and ditch around? The latter case sounded worse but actually ended to work better in practice. Because when they were in their slinking around, they found small things they could change. It's like finding out that the annoyingly gilded seatbelt keeps your office actually running kids on Tuesday nights. That feels better; than, say, finding out that the head of the corporate trust department was at Woodstock.

And in its better moments, the cynicism was softened into irony. As it happened, nowhere wasn't such a hot place from which to view the world. The middle siblings took refuge in it. Irony is their major export to the rest of the culture, and one that has transformed the way we look at everything. From today's most blundered shrugs to their pose as ironists. In the film, *Cosmo* and *Spider* toast each other in law school. "We may not always get what we want and we may not always get what we need, just so we don't get what we deserve."

For the Nineties Generation, irony is compatible with small idealisms, in which saving the world is replaced by saving a few homeless people down the street—or at least saving cats and dogs. That new pragmatism is partly a function of the number of causes competing for attention, from a couple of big ones like civil rights and Vietnam, to hundreds today, each deserving its own way to small-scale reform.

But the pragmatism is also a function of economics. It's easy to forget that in the early Eighties, the normal arc of ambition was reversed by a recession, the largest since the Great Depression. Some of the cultural values associated with the decade was conditioned by it as ways that were much explored in all those articles about the goodlands. Many graduates of twin first-rate universities couldn't find jobs for a few years. When they did, they barreled into their work in ways that the generation ahead could not imagine and

emerged tougher, though not any more committed to the particular idealism they had chosen. Workaholics who didn't particularly like their work.

PETER

He's backing with me. It's personal. Have to find a way around him. Shouldn't be too hard, huh? Almost forty, still an idiot. Jesus, look at him, dressed like some leftover campus radical.

Almost forty and still an idiot. The fear is the voice of John Cusack's character, a Senate aide, will sound familiar to every young arrival in political Washington, whether on the inside or merely observing some way up on the television firing the description. Anyone who knows Washington knows that it's the aides who hold the real clout. But for most, the fear is a generational caste proof. If he or she the freshman should have a move of their own? Couldn't they leave a mark faster than that, why wait around? Why spend a career making some half-drank, member-of-Congress look half-sensible in a half-empty hearing room (a less than half the pay you could be earning elsewhere)?

Peter Santos certainly won't. In the better part of life, he's a poker, not a groom. The race is with his best friend, with the kids from the old neighborhood, and with the stress of his long-term father. The had a high school with no second thoughts.

Screenwriter Kevin Wade has been down this path before. Peter has a lot in common with Tim McGill, Melissa Griffith's character in Wade's popular *Working Girl*. Like her, he's from the wrong side of the tracks, calculating the best way up. Tim Cohen isn't a comedy, but the bigger difference from *Working Girl* is that the ambition unfolds in the world of politics instead of business. Somehow getting money in America, but seeking power is adesso. So while Griffith's become, Cusack's the lead. Peter Santos emerges as an Eighties version of the grandchild of all ambitious protagonists, Seneca Clark, the over-the-hill Hollywood producer depicted in David Schulberg's classic 1974 novel *What Makes Sammy Run?*

PETER

What, you think the Justice Department never can a corner? Hey, it's a hard-core day in America, isn't it you love?

TIM

And what's that one?

PETER

Just don't get caught.

Director Herb Ross has a theory to explain why Peter thinks that way. In reconstructing the movie, he says, "Peter Santos is a victim of the pressure under which he was growing up. In the America that used to be, anything was possible for any of us. Now that the schism between rich and poor grows more acute,

All Grown Up

and Nowhere to Go

IT ONLY SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY

Moto Special Delivery They had names like Harley, MG, Thunder and Jay. They strolled of engine and leather. And a chosen few were the deep gears of the English countryside. If those memories are familiar, this Moto is for you. In front of Grand Racing Green and its interior evoke the best of the classic tradition.

Settle into the cockpit and revel in the sense of leather. Other than the standard CD player and power accessories, you'll think back has changed since 1960. But as you bring the expert Italian-made engine to life and grab the wood shift lever, you find that everything's changed. Everything except the fun.

Take the wide law through a curve, and the rigid unbody works in concert with four-wheel double wishbone suspension. Handling has come a long way in the last



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and the pressures we live under become more complex, the dream becomes unobtainable. People can't visualize that the dream can happen to them. It seems so remote they resort to cocaine as a way to achieve it."

In other words, bad guys like Casack's Peter Burton see the men who took their cues from Reagan, eating cocaine on the way up. Good guys like Spader's Tim Gurry are well-behaved and know how to keep their ambitions in check. This bond of class-based allegiance, which dominated both Casack and Spader on the set of the film, is a particularly infamous story of class-based thought. First, the newsmen are corrupt!

The newsmen are corrupt! Then, a return to the patriarchy. But it's not merely Peter's tale. He's a "man of the genre." The *Righteous* made him do it.

There are two motives:
 ■ A married congressman looks all an effort with a junior staffer who has secretly raped their love-making sessions. He is trying to move up to the Senate but it is a close race. On the eve of the election, the assistant, seeking revenge, leaks the tapes to the largest newspaper in the state, which prints salacious excerpts. In a final twist, public backlash against the paper sweeps the congressman out of the Senate, but his wife leaves him.

■ An Ashk who runs an international bank needs high-powered help. He uses a former president, a pair of former senators, and a legendary Washington lawyer to buy back his image. *Regressors* reveal that large sums of drug money have been laundered through the bank.

■ A Secret Service agent guarding a presidential candidate is suspected of being a drug dealer. The top campaign aide has a delusional crisis in which he believes he himself is the candidate and the target of an assassination plot. *Assassins* also plays the role of the candidate's prep.

The last goes on: the congressman who didn't know that he had a gay whereabouts at home, the presidential candidate whose travels took place aboard a boat called *Monkey Boat*, the top regulator who lost his wife and kids. Are these stories too good to be true? No, they're too good to be true. Californians and New Yorkers might as well, but much of real Washington is too dramatic for filmmakers to handle. All the wild sex, for instance, usually gets written out. Same with the drug and other intoxicating substances of campaign. Perhaps they don't square with those many Capitol-drama clichés.

Moviemakers miss the truly juicy stories because they impose character and theme—rather than letting them grow out of the fertile subject they have chosen. In *True Colors*, politicians—the very names of Washington—seem mostly a backdrop to a study of friendship. The problem is that competitive friendship is not a universal theme that can simply be slugged

onto any locale. Its complexities are deeply connected to occupation and place.

And the truth is so much sicker. Peter and Tim could have faced the wrenching test of friendship common to thousands of ambitious public servants of their generation. It involves the FBI security check required for every important government job. What protective lens would the old campus roommates have sold about the drugs they once used?

When Douglas Ginsburg was nominated for the Supreme Court in 1987, his friends told the truth about his past smoking and said his chances. In the aftermath several presidential candidates acknowledged drug use during college, and a private new story line emerged among the young and politically ambitious: Tell the truth about what your friends did in college (or less it was better, in which case decline to be interviewed). But if there was drug use after college—as in Ginsburg's case—the consensus is still to lie. If you don't, your friend won't get the job.

Beyond the temptation to betray your friends by telling the truth, Washington isn't as tough a town as it's cracked up to be. Obviously there's plenty of potting for position. From the lowest intern to the president, everyone's out to grab as much credit as possible, usually at the expense of people they work with. Sabotaging rivals through anonymous goss links is a daily blood sport. But that's about it. The politics sound personal, obviously, but at bottom, they're not personal. They're politics. Today's opponent could be tomorrow's ally, and everyone knows it, which is why our life's length may have

done himself some harm at Mary McGarry's house. What goes around comes around faster in Washington.

THE PLACE WHERE FRIENDS MORE ROUTINELY betray each other is Hollywood. So it's only natural that screenwriters strike a lot of potting the real-life version of their own culture onto other screens. In the movie business, friendship is a core, in Washington, it's a liability. Instead of being pushed in for the big score—score your writing partner if the producer calls you in—it's used to poison to gnaw the system for the benefit of both individuals.

The real divisions in politics are between those who use their friends for mutual career benefit and those who find their approach phony (in which case they don't let jump) and betrays those who manage—though family or school—no know important people and those who don't.

And so the schism itself becomes the spoils. The lesson of self-importance that accompanies participation in the process becomes more important than anything the process itself might produce. The players eclipse the score. The deception transcends the results.

In her book *What I Saw at the Kennedy's*, Peggy Noonan—

(continued on page 121)

All Grown Up and Nowhere, to Go

By David Shields/with John Ortved. 1994. 304 pp. \$24.95. ISBN 0-670-85400-0.

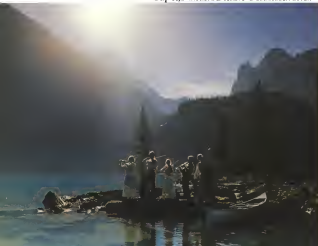


Some people wear trendy clothes to attract attention. Others drive flashy cars. A glass of Cutty Sark won't turn any heads. But if you insist on creating a stir, you can always ask the bartender for one of these.



Our vacations play very well. In fact this year you'll find musical events, performances and concerts here, all part of our MUSIC '91 celebration. Or take in the usual sounds: The ripple of a paddle on a lake, a parade of mountain wildflowers and the thrifty gurgle of a cappuccino machine. The countryside is within whistling distance of the city. For the whole score, call 1-800-663-6000 or write Tourism British Columbia, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C., V8V 1X4. And now back to our regular show.

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We interrupt our normal tourism advertising to bring you a musical interlude.

MAILER and VIDAL

For nearly twenty years,
they jotted and chatted and
said some things. Mailer:
"Liar... hypocrite... you
pollute the intellectual
sphere..." Vidal: "Barry
Miller... Norman Mailer...
Charles Manson... a logical
progression." This winter,
at the Plaza Hotel, as a
hostessing affair, their
ego fed each other in a dish—
not to say an embrace.
Interview by Carol Kiley

The Big Schmooze

Gore, do you remember the first time you met Norman?

Gore Vidal: I was taken to meet Norman by Marc Benoit, a survivor of the day. A very funny writer with a smallish nose of humor who decided to bring us together. A memorable occasion, he thought, and it was so memorable I remember nothing else about it—other than it took place.

Norman Mailer: No, I remember one line of dialogue. I remember you wagging your finger at me and saying, "Mailer, how long did your grand passion last?" And I said, "Well, they died in their late twenties." And you said, "I've got you! My grandsons are particularly long-lived and I'm going to confine you. [Laughs] And let me assure you, Mailer, there's only one thing that counts. It's who lives to write the verdict on the other." [Laughs]

Vidal: I must say I was—how shall I say?—puzzled. That could have been an up mood, but I didn't know I was speaking my mind in those days.

Mailer: You were. Vidal: The conversation usually went. I think that is true. Mailer: But then what happened at that history comes along, such history having its foreshadow, the narrative at once.

Vidal: Well, we can never collect history. What began with comedy ends with comedy... in my short view of the matter.

How many books have you written, Gore and Norman, and what has kept you writing?

Vidal: I'd counted them, I probably wouldn't have written any more. You were because it's the natural thing for you to do. There are many other professions I would rather have had. I started to read up on the book at about the age of six. I started to write a book simultaneously. Not to compare, just to suggest. And that's how one starts. Or I started.

Norman, what about you? Mailer: I've written a lot of books, you know, as Gore has. The numbers—it depends how you count, because a couple of

those books, I'm afraid, are a smattering of the cards—but I could give you a list that runs up to thirty. And I wonder, if I had a list to give a friend, I wonder if I would have more or many. There's something marvelous about having to meet your bills. The conclusion that is most disagreeable in your life becomes the most useful one. You know, I led the same about the U.S. Army. It was absolutely the worst experience of my life, and it was probably the single most valuable experience.

Well?

Mader: Well, without it I wouldn't have known half of what I know today—

Valid: Or half the people.

Mader:—about Americans.

How to write?

Mader: That's a small part. I was a cook the last six months of the Army. It was a terrible fall from grace, you know. In the infirmary the one person we all depended was the cook.

Valid: I ended up as a mess officer. [Mader laughs.] So we're equal. I came back from the States, where I'd been first man of an Army ship. They couldn't think of anything to do with me at Camp Gordon Johnson, at Apalachicola, Florida. So I was given command of the mess hall that was run by a major sergeant of such creativity that he could be a cabinet officer today.

Ultimately, what do you want to be remembered for?

Valid: I don't think one thinks along those lines. What I remember about writers in the past is what pleasure they have given me in reading them. And every new and then—and it's not often—you are startled by something that you read and it does an all a recombination in your head. At fifty, I sat down and read very slowly, from beginning to end, for the first time, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and I was absolutely riveted. I didn't think then anything written by anybody could have such an effect on me at the age of fifty. If one had the same effect on somebody as young one, that would be very nice, but I won't be there and so that'll never be remembered or forgotten.

You don't still want to be known for writing the best sentences, which I think Capote claimed you did.

Valid: Well, I read that somewhere—no Capote. It's a terrible sentence in a dumb opinion. "What do you want to be remembered for?" I might have said, you know, for having the hottest head of any novelist of my time. So I like the having written the best sentences. I notice a sharp look from Mader here as "the hottest head of his."

Mader: No, I was looking at your hair and I was comparing it with mine.

Valid: [Laughs] Yes, exactly. Immediately competition begins. But I think there was a tension point to an idle response. I do take some care with sentences. This does not apply to the early work, which were sentences as Newman has said—no more kills. I had no money. There's a legend that I was born rich. And so everything you read that me. My current biographer [Walter Clemons] has found out how poor I was, and that I was writing under another name for television—quick like *The Infinite One*—as nervous as the Fibers. I have had to do more backwash that most writers. Nowadays if they don't come from comfortable families or money money, they are taken care of by universities. Well, I had to take care of myself.

What is your best book or story? [Valid: *Goodbye*.]

Mader: *Honore*. You got me up against the wall, do you?

Valid: The next one, I would think.

Mader: The last one. [They both laugh.]

What next?

Valid: The current one.

Mader: *Wildwood*. You know I like *Good* work. You know I

wouldn't be down to a discussion with him if I didn't like it. I don't love it, but then he doesn't love my work.

Valid: [Laughs] I don't think contemporary writers spend a lot of time reading each other. Particularly writers of the same nationality. I can read Capote with me since the minute that I can read Newman or feel better or any of my American contemporaries. To me, Capote's more. It's from a different context. One gives attention to the sentence.

Mader: Well, I also find that I read very few of my contemporaries. Now, I'm not pleased or proud of it, because I think that's silly and stupid. Most people who know a lot about something tend to live their lives in such a way that they can isolate themselves. People also know a lot about golf and to play golf every day and so on.

Valid: And tend not to read golf poets about other golf players.

Mader: I'm talking about golf and you're talking about reading. The thing is, I don't read other writers because I'm writing all the time. It's too disturbing to read a writer with a good style when you're in the middle of putting your work together. I've used that image before: It's very much like making your car sport and having all the pieces on the floor when somebody rides by in a Ferrari. Now, you may hear a note in the Ferrari that isn't that good and say, that motor needs a little tuning. But sometimes that car is there and yours is on the floor. In other I'm working on a book, I really read anything more than *The New York Times*. Which may have the long-term effect of fattening my style.

Valid: Also, reading other people—well, very suggestive, writers. And I think when you're writing something, another person's work can talk to you over style. Newman, once, in his fury, said of me that my "famous" was nothing but taking heat from *La Rochefoucauld* and changing them

as my own, which—

Mader: When did I say that?

Valid: Somewhere I read. And, no, but it was pretty—

Mader: Oh, you said that somebody else said that I said that.

Valid: I don't remember where it was.

Mader: You may think I said something of that sort, but I didn't. Valid: It is repeated in *La Rochefoucauld*, where you may have said that pretty soon, but let me repeat what it was. That is a pretty good meaning. How many words. As this is a memory based upon envy, and as every is one of the low level characteristics that I don't have, but as I want to seem like all the rest, I said on television, "Whenever I found a sentence, a little something as we do." This has been much quoted as a funny line.

Mader: It's very good.

Valid: But very applicable to me.

Mader: It's pure *La Rochefoucauld*.

Valid: As you said, as it was said that you said. Anyway, I looked it up. *La Rochefoucauld* wrote: "It is not enough to succeed. Others must fail." I may have said it once and forgotten it and paraphrased it. Or I may have been thinking along the lines of what you said, with a similar formulation. Anyway, there is something in Newman's point about not reading while writing.

Mader: Well, look. Now that I'm in my middle years, let me restate the case. I've always felt that there was a good deal of complicity between *La Rochefoucauld* and you. And if I was speaking about a cruelty, and I probably was, it was because one of the things we enjoyed that I have such you and your world and you were so much a creature of the end of an antediluvian tradition that began with *La Rochefoucauld*. Your remarks, I think, stand up as brilliant line for line work but. No one can accuse you of not being able to turn a good line, but what I argue is that that particular tradition has become inadequate for our cultural needs now. The world is getting so populated that it's almost impossible to contain it with aphor-



Illustration by C.F. Payne

George Bush was right when he spoke of Hussein as a Hitler. Hussein's scale is much smaller than Hitler's, but if he ever had the power, I think he would be as bad. When you start polluting the sea with oil, what you are saying is either it's "My name is not Saddam Hussein. My name is Saddam. I am going to pull down the world if I can. If I lose, the world is going to go with me." So I think we're in an incredibly confused and capricious time. I don't think it's an American establishment that many of us have fought against for years, for those ten first decades, that now is actually engaged in a battle with a force that is even worse than itself, but as powerful, but especially more. And I think that America is going to go through a year of setbacks and setbacks through this war that may be the price we need. What do you say?

Vidali: First, I don't see Saddam as being in any way evil. It's too heavy a word. It's a local thing of a man that we're used to in every country. If you want to go back to where the real evil is, it is in ourselves, which is perhaps the most evil—certainly the most destructive of all our weapons—the force of religion that there is. Now, the essential absence of religion that has characterized the American state, for my country, has been a good thing. The Enlightenment shaped our state. I speak now not of the enormous numbers of the world, among which I count my Gory tribes, even in Mississippi. I speak instead of Jefferson, Madison, Lincoln—these men—Monroe. Monroism has given us justice, Christianity, and Islam. They are by nature nonreligious—one god, one ruler, one people. "Kil, kil, kil, kil for justice," is the Communists' motto.

To use a word like evil to describe Saddam Hussein is simply using nonreligious language to describe a local thing who wants to increase his oil holdings to make more money. We always say that people are crazy when we decide to make enemies of them. Nineteen years later, Qaddafi was crazy. I don't accept any of this.

Mader: You know, there's one thing about you that I am going enough credit to. We all know the horrors. I don't have an established an credit on that. But war is also a deep spiritual experience. What is going on in this country now—part of the economic difficulty we're in—is precisely that spiritual experience in America has been belated on by eight years of Reagan. By Reagan. By the idea that we can control everything in our environment, when we control less and less. War, at least, controls that general term in essence. "I can get killed." If you have no war at any cost, then you have world cancer. It's a zero-sum game. If you don't have a powerful spiritual life, you die as a result of the crisis.

Vidali: Well, it's better to have a spiritual crisis than you can cut out that a spiritual crisis is going to take you with it, to continue your unreaching optimism of cancer. For I came again with you that the human race needs war, though we're not supposed to say that as good liberals or, indeed, as good people. But it seems true that the human race need not have gone in the war had there not been some biological necessity. Genesis, whatever. But this creature's new weapons are increasing general apathy. The destruction of the planet—let us say, anyway—is a distant possibility. Now I think in the more than five billion people on this earth whose presence is destroying the environment part to get much closer to life. We're in a new situation, so to the best, and that conscious reason of war, kept alive from generation to generation. I think maybe even now the gun wars in the West are the necessary to it. This generation's war, as I said, is a biological crisis. I thought it was quite wonderful when I got into Iraq. But this idea of war had been shaped by the Civil War. When young, I would have given anything to have been in the Civil War.

Why? Vidali: Because you literally fought for your country. My mom has [sings] You got on your horse and you rode down toward Shiloh.

which men they make away from where any family lived at Shiloh. And you were doing something for your country. My great grandfather didn't want to go into the war, but he went because his two brothers did. And one was killed, and he was wounded at Shiloh and taken captive. And I thought that was romantic. But my grandfather, I know, hated that war. On the other hand, he often thought about the Revolution. You didn't have the war that you gave up with it. I don't think World War II didn't like the picture of capture or hatred war.

Mader: And the last in the trenches. Vidali: It was an ugly war. Another point that Norman raised earlier was, simply, money. The United States is running out of gas, so all things do. It's in a dire financial straits. What I am hoping—and here I half agree with Norman, who half agrees with himself—is that we could probably make an income. A Committee of Public Safety would be set up by the National Security Council and run by the FBI or the CIA—and they'd send Coogan home.

Mader: I think there's a short road to fascism if the drug problem becomes and we have a depression, there's going to be a move to protect us in any cost against crime, and before long it's going to smother a tremendous feeling up of the various police forces in the country, and there's going to be a fundamental change in American political liberties. That is my fear, that people will say to themselves, "I don't care what it takes to put these other people behind bars. Keep them behind bars. Put them in cages. Get them off the streets. Get rid of the drug addicts at all costs." When you get to that moment, then your passion is very close indeed to fascism. One is going to accept a dictator.

Vidali: Let's build up the country again. Eugene McCarthy, who is not also a wrong but always present, said this the last time in the United States he could remember was the Depression, because everything market people who normally would have been lawyers—professional people—were running the joint office and the railroad. Everything stopped. Well, well back, and deeper into in the next year, perhaps we can recognize these gloomy days.

Mader: We could never get back to that Valhalla of the Thanes. [They laugh.]

Vidali: Or in the triumph of selling apples on the street. The last time everyone.

Mader: To that time when families long together. Vidali: Yes, and married in one. Let me give you one final image: July 14, 1949. I'm called in by French officers to go in Paris and discuss the second commitment of the Rights of Man. All the chiefs of state were in Paris. The center of town was roped off by police. You had to walk everywhere. Or take official cars. The last day, trying to get out was a nightmare—to get from the hotel to the airport to waiting outside my hotel for the airport car. I suddenly see a Black American with two American flags and the presidential seal followed by another car filled with French service men. So I drive to George Bush, driving slowly down the empty street. And I thought, "Where is he going?" He was heading toward the river. I crossed over to the other side. There was the car of the President of the United States, coming, slowly, away from the river. It was like the flying Dutchman. They arrived last. Or just marking time, which is worse. And I thought, Well, the United States is finally irrelevant when its American president is so completely irrelevant. From now on, we're irrelevant.

Mader: Well, how do you know they're gone?

Vidali: Love. Wanting for construction. Whatever it was, Bush was driving. Driving. That's my image.

Mader: All right. Like the Ship of State. [Mader laughs.]

Vidali: Oh, I wouldn't have said that. I let you say that, Norman. [They laugh.]

Mader: I wouldn't have had the idea if you hadn't given it to me. Oh.

NATION PREPARES FOR LEANER TIMES

The Skinny Six

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Beef.
Red head for real people.

about a real bar."

There was a pause. Arnes and Faze exchanged a look, and it dawned on Faze that the Fair Evelyn had already been won. At that point, all of the other studs began protesting that they were going to get "really wild" that night, and maybe they did later, but by 10:00 it was as bright with these studs as they were with each other. So when Evelyn and Arnes excused themselves and walked off together into the Babylon night, I went back to the Hilton and thought about calling Arthur Kenna, the Desert Fox. The Studs and I agreed about one thing at least—R&B is never what it's cracked up to be.

AROUND 8:00 ONE EVENING, THE FAIR EVELYN and I stopped at the Holiday Inn bar, where 150 guys circled us as a dancer in a Filipino rock band played "Desperado." Most of them were screaming Evelyn, but a few wanted to get a look at me too. I did not take this as a compliment, since I know for a fact I could bring my music over him, put her in high heels, and they would follow her on miles into the desert. The two heaviest soldiers, though perhaps not the blindest, turned out to be cops. They introduced themselves.

"Paul," said the first cop.

"Paul?" I said. Evelyn and I turned to the second cop. "And your name is?"

"Paul," said the second cop.

"And you are chum with the R&B?" I asked.

"No," said the first cop. "Bert's Arnes."

"I'm R&B," said the second cop.

"And your name is Paul?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And your name is Paul?"

"Yes."

"And you are a chit?"

"Yes."

"And you are a chit?"

"Yes."

Both the Pauls were as happy to be looking at Evelyn that night as I was. "So what do you own Pauls do here without any women?"

"Without any women?" said the first Paul. He downed the rest of his beer, wiped his mouth, and put his mug on the table. "Not a lie, really."

"Two merchant marines from the Virgin Islands, Faze and Kenna, were standing in the moonlight in the parking lot of the Palace Hotel, holding big white plastic bags with all the tapes they'd been buying. Kenna is the manager. I could see they were romance young men who had joined the merchant marine to commit some premeditation.

"Every place you turn you see [cops]," said Faze. "But we still haven't seen the women here. They said a lot of the women went away because of the sex. And we could be here a month. We'll be dying. I'm already up to my neck in romance!"

"I know one American girl who is here," I said. It didn't seem wrong to offer such information to these laid, adventure-seeking guys.

"Aha!" said Faze.

Kenna, a huge man in a navy-blue rooming suit with pink stripes, gripped Faze's arm. Salazar!

"She's a working girl," I said. "I ran into her in the studios."

Kenna dropped Faze's arm, shook his head, and backed off. "Not a working girl," said Faze, frowning.

"We're looking for something less formal," said Kenna.

"Do you know how much money this girl is making a day?" I asked.

"We don't want to know that," said Faze. He looked at Kenna. "That's out of our league."

IT WAS 11:00 AT NIGHT, AND A FEW CANADIAN light pilots were just landing down at the restaurant of Henry's Bar. When they weren't drinking, they flew 3-15's.

One of them was wearing cowboy boots and a bush hat with one side snapped up, he also had on his flight suit and

the other's seat, which was worn all around, because nobody wore flying suits or uniforms in Babylon, because of the fear of terrorism. This light pilot was nicknamed Fireball. For Fireball, life could be boiled down to one simple proposition: Why have a woman when you can have an F-15?

"Hell, yes," I said. His enthusiasm was catching.

"And I'd rather have some sense than luck," he said. "I'd rather have a little seat than friends." His buddies were laughing. They'd heard Fireball's philosophy before.

Fireball narrowed his eyes and studied me.

"You know," he said, "love isn't secondary."

For a jet-horny fly-by, maybe, but not for Joy. She was getting rich on sex, or so she claimed.

BACK IN THE SQUE, JOY HAD MOVED FROM earnings to sex. She couldn't take all that cash out of the country, so she was looking to transfer the money to jewelry. The gold seller leaned forward, dangling a gold earring in front of her.

"This one is very beautiful," he said.

Joy held up the earring and gazed in the mirror as if waiting for the image of her future to appear. And before long it did.

"What are you going to do with all this gold?" I asked.

"I'm planning to create and produce my own line of compact cases," she said. And suddenly she became shy and dropped her eyes. "I want to call it Joy de Wyre."

Languishing there at the gold seller's shop, amid all that glinting metal, Joy seemed firmly in her element in a way that none of the rest of us did. Somewhere out there the Stud Monkeys had more than likely stopped cruising mannequins and were no doubt having a few cocktails. Paul and Paul, the French cops, were still at the bar, occasionally working their way through pitchers of beer. Faze and Kenna, who only wanted old-fashioned romance, were no closer to it than the booze-bon songs that they were listening over. And Fireball was probably up in the jet stream making love to his F-15.

Some said Babylon was once the Garden of Eden, but that was many years ago. These days everybody was in a hurry to get out of town except Joy. For her, this was Paradise. And Paradise, in this way, was a pretty damn good place to make a buck. **B**

To report on *R&B in Babylon*, *El* Jean Carroll went undercover as a businesswoman because of the restrictions on journalists.

Carroll, who profiled Don Ralston in our October 1990 issue, is the author of *Female Difficulties* and is currently writing another book, tentatively titled *A Decade of Me*.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM LAXTON

A salute to designer Bill Robinson

BILL ROBINSON DESIGNS CLOTHING that your Little League coach, your boss's daughter, and even your mother would be proud to see you wearing Easygoing Clean-cut Fun And very American. A lot like the man himself. At forty-two, and after five years with his own label, Robinson is unquestionably in the vanguard of the country's designers. His secret? Keep it simple and design what you know. In Robinson's case, America.

"My summer collection tells little stories, from Maine to Florida," he says. "Very Route 1." Lightweight parkas and bright-colored slickers, "salt-of-the-earth stuff." An elegant, New England prep-school look. And loose-fitting shirts and unconstructed blazers that could have appeared in *The Palm Beach Story*. "But I very rarely have a theme when I start a collection... it's not like I wake up and think, Lumberjack will be in this season! I just begin with a mood or an atmosphere and take it from there."

So here's to you, Mr. Robinson. 

"This season I wanted to

create a different atmosphere—clean, relaxed, and elegant."

Left: Sweater shirt by Bill Blass.
At left: Denim sport jacket, shirt,
trousers, and broad coat by Bill
Blass. T-shirt by the Gap.
Leather belt with silver buckle by
John Galt.

A man is walking away from the camera, slightly to the left. He is wearing a long, bright red coat over white pants. His hands are clasped in front of his face. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

"I like to draw creatively from my own culture

Quilted cotton sweat shirt and
striped cotton sport jacket by
Bill Robinson.

At left: Quilted parka by Bill
Robinson. Jeans by The Gap.
Quilted trousers by River Road.

A close-up profile of a man's head and shoulders. He is looking upwards and to the right. He is wearing a dark blue and white striped jacket with a white collar. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

and explore it in unexpected ways"



"American clothing is

about glamour. Like a Fred and Ginger movie."



Green pants and silk camp shirt by Bill Robinson. Brown leather messenger bag by Scott Segal. Brown leather jacket by Bill Robinson.

At left: Brown and pink shirt and brown sport jacket by Bill Robinson. For more information see page 100

Trump (continued from page 27)

can't stand to touch those plastic bottles!" He is alleged to have had his wife responsible for referring him to the offending supplier, blaming her for the criminal plot he hit for the second, Donald denies that he has had any plastic surgery. "There's had it, you know," he says, charging that Donald's friends have been "getting this story out."

Perhaps on the hint for an astro-constructed physician, Trump apparently began spending more time with Mafiosi. In January, the member, the Trump marriage began to seriously unravel in Aspen, Colorado, in December 1989. On the evening of December 30, the telephone rang in the house the Trumps had leased for their vacation. Donald and Maria picked up different extensions at the same time. "That Maria isn't a piece of art," said a male caller who obviously believed he was speaking only to the man of the house. The next day, Maria and Donald had their famous confrontation on the steps of Aspen Mountain.

Maria formally filed for divorce last November. It was granted less than six weeks later. But the Trumps are still fighting over marital property. A final deal had been set for April 18, but at last report,

the couple was still trying to dicker up the assets in an out-of-court settlement. Maria Mafiosi, meanwhile, wants to get married. Friends report that Donald is intensely uncomfortable about the prospect of getting hooked on the back of his divorce. And while he'd love to play the overbuilding bachelor, he is afraid of continuing herpes or AIDS. Last fall fall, he and Maria agreed to any dating other people. But after Trump's flirtation with Roseanne Barrer caused another gossip storm, the expenses were shelved. Donald spent part of the Christmas holidays with Maria and her family in Georgia, then took her out to Telluride, Colorado, overbreak New Year's.

"What do you think of Maria versus Donald?" Trump acquired of strangers he met on the ski lifts. He asked me the same question in a recent interview, then volunteered his own answer:

"You know, people have said that I'm a forty-year-old married woman's worst nightmare," he said. "I made Maria a very popular woman. Before, she was not popular. Now everyone loves her. I told Maria, 'You know, I could make you popular by going out with Roseanne.'"

into a \$2 million apartment in Trump Palace, the high-rise condo he's building on Manhattan's Upper East Side. Partners wanted the project, thinking that such a move portended marriage. But Donald told a friend, "Hey, it's a promotion. We live there for a year, two years, and then—what know?"

BACK IN ATLANTIC CITY, Trump's other two casinos are in as much of a predicament as his love life. The problems became apparent back in June 1990, when Trump Casino failed to come up with enough cash to make a \$42.6 million interest and principal payment to its bondholders. Trump Plaza, which suffered a 33 percent decline in profits during the second quarter of 1990, couldn't make up the difference. Nor could any of the other debt-laden properties in the Trump portfolio, many of which were hand-picked to service their own bank notes.

Donald had no choice but to do what he does best—negotiate. Luckily for him, he was so much in debt that the banks were forced to agree to his terms or lose millions in capital as well as loans. In mid-January, the tabloids reported that seven banks hammered out a deal in

which the banks pledged to lend Trump \$65 million to cover the Citicorp bond payment and other contractual costs. Just as important, the banks agreed to relax terms on \$230 million of nearly \$2 billion in outstanding loans so that Trump would have to pay little or no interest for three to five years.

Trump's highly publicized bank bailout was one of the first in a wave of pronounced bankruptcies that would set the financial landscape for the coming decade. Merv Griffin had already put Resorts International through a formal Chapter 11 process in late 1989, and other business moguls, including the likes of Rupert Murdoch, may now be facing similar debt crises.

"In the only one that's worked out a deal with the banks," Trump boasted to me in a recent interview. "You know, my developer in New York, even of them is worse shape than I am. Nobody wants to write about it."

In the wake of the bank bailout, Donald had hesitated to treat his failure into yet more Trump loss. At the last moment, he disclosed an account of the bank deal and his second book, *Trump Surviving at the Top*, which appeared in August 1990. Surviving at the Top rode the New York Times best-seller list for seven weeks and sold an estimated 75,000 hardback copies. But compared with *Trump: The Art of the Deal*, the second book was judged a major disappointment. Less than one percent of *Surviving at the Top* is likely to appear in their upcoming unauthorized biographies (including one by the writer). This month, a disgruntled former Trump casino executive named Jack O'Donnell takes his shot with a book called *Trumped!* (Simon & Schuster).

Trump is more than a little concerned about the accusations that may be leveled at him by O'Donnell, who now works at rival Merv Griffin's Resorts casino in Atlantic City. O'Donnell promises to paint the dark side of Trump's deal-making strategy by providing what he calls an inside account of the Tai Mabel debacle. "I'm going to expose him for what he is—a fraud," O'Donnell says.

"I think this book is inspired by Merv," Trump says. "I think it's a way of Merv trying to get even with Donald Trump, and I'm considering taking the gloves off with respect to Merv Griffin."

IF TRUMP WAS EMBARRASSED BY last summer's bank bailout, you'd think he would have been positively mortified when word leaked out that his father had bought \$5 million in chips to save the Trump Casino from bankruptcy. The New

Jersey Division of Gaming Enforcement has ruled that because the chips were not properly gambled, the \$5 million constitutes a loan. Donald's father will now have to submit to a licensing investigation to qualify as a financial source.

Trump, profusely, sees the \$5 million chip gambles as yet more evidence of his financial success. "First of all, people found it to be a very clever method of financing, and I think I got a lot of credit for imagination," he insisted in a subsequent interview. "It's great security for my father, and I wouldn't have it any other way. I have a father who's really a great guy. He's my best friend. I've done a lot of deals for him and they've been fantastic deals. It's different when you're doing it your father than when it's someone with a less personal relationship. He didn't have to do it. And if he didn't do it, I would have made the payment anyway. But it was an easy way of concealing it in a way that was doing something—and it worked out great."

So far, anyway. Trump Casino is still not taking in enough cash to make its June bond payment. In early February, the Hilton Hotel Corporation applied for a preliminary casino license, which suggests that Baron Hilton, who was once accused by Trump as a member of the "Lucky

Spinn Club," may be ready to come in and manage one of Trump's casinos should both or the other bondholders reject his plan. Trump officials admit privately that they may sell one of the casinos and a second hotel as well.

Despite his brief overconfidence, the Donald does give an occasional nod to the hazards of his position. He explains that his old deal-making style won't play the way it did. "For the last three or four years, I became complacent in the sense that I was doing really well, I was making a lot of money, and I really didn't have to work very hard," he admits.

"I'm working harder now than I ever have before," he adds. "For the first time since I started the company, and frankly, it's really paying off. I relied on other people with respect to the Tai Mabel, and now I'm doing it myself. I don't want to rely on anybody. I think it's going to be a very successful job. I mean, time will tell. I just find it interesting, because I'm running the business now the way I was when I started and built it."

MOMENTS BEFORE THE heavyweight championship fight at the Tai Mabel, Trump looks Mafiosi and me back to challenger Jack (continued on page 135)

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THE TROUBLE WITH MEN

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The Nowhere Generation

They and their counterparts on the far right—the Reaganite activists—were anxious but essentially the only ones besides the journalists who seemed to really believe these. For everyone else, Washington in the Eighties became a glorified holding tank for ambitious people trying to figure out which rung came next. Scores of Senators, they were coming to do well and leaving to do better.

Yes, something about the new era was cherry. If their parents or older siblings were inspired by Kennedy, the arrival of the transactional generation in Washington were conditioned by the polished, sociological leadership of Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter. When it came to the money crisis was their Vietnam. It symbolized all of the worship-but-didn't-own that defined that period. We didn't know it then, but it actually was the "moral equivalent of war," just as Carter said. If we'd been offered one major side production—the economy would be much stronger now and there would have been no reason to go to war over Malawi oil. But it was hardly the sort of issue to rattle down Washington into a new source of idealism. The scenario for Carter's heroic cry, MIGHTY, might have been the carbon for the era.

But came came was quite ominous. The central truth of the Reagan years was that the rule of government itself was degraded. Not indeed in actual terms—the government was no smaller than in the past—just devalued in a sense of possible inclusion to all of the worsening social problems. Reagan's central idea—Ronald Reagan was cynical as a snake even the young critics couldn't grasp. And it had career implications for them. After all, the deficit was more than just a huge, intractable problem. It changed the whole power behind coming to Washington. With so money to spend and so much for money relations, who's all that whispering in the member's ear really about? Getting yet another favor for some rich constituent? The congressional budget process—the only true issue on the Hill—because a circle jerk that tried the presence of almost anyone who tried to make it for more than a few years.

If you were a Republican and wanted to work in the administration, there was the "plum book"—the list of political slots—but that only amounted to a few hundred jobs altogether. Employment elsewhere in the federal bureaucracy was scarce, and it required joining the

civil service (complete with exams and job classifications). That opened career sources and a decent salary—all kinds of accommodation—been as potential for the big money post-classes were earning after business school. Working in through policy revealed any or cocktail parties, but it meant going back to school for a Ph.D. or making a long-term commitment to accepting poverty contracts.

So it's easy to see why the Nowhere Generation either left Washington or the Eighties to save their own and boot/overwhelm also or began to make some serious compromises. The group I know mostly left, but a few remained to work for the Republicans. They took their visitors where they could find them, a hard-gut line item here, a well-oiled brief there. If they didn't do it, they said, it would be left to some one to do worse. They were complex, to use the old line item word, but it didn't seem so bad any more. What was the alternative? Work up for some expensive law firm in Chicago and the Democrats scorn in 2000? The compromises for this generation were more seamless than for their predecessors, less around to the floor gradations of selling out. But they were underlies with purpose.

THE QUINTESENTIAL STORY of twentieth-century American political ambition is that of Lyndon Johnson, who moved all the way up the chain, from House aide to House member to senator to Senate majority leader to vice president to president. And the central question about Johnson is not in what even his biographer, Robert Caro, has yet to provide a full answer: Ambition for what? Did Johnson just want to be powerful, or did he want to do something fundamental like Great Society with his power? In 1971 his case the answer was a complex combination of the two.

Whether describing the difference is easy or hard, this is the essential question to ask about George Bush as past member of Congress or any other person who aspires to power, public or private. Maybe Carl Smith was just out for himself. On the other hand, maybe he believed so strongly in his conservatism that he just had to convince. Mary McCrory it's worth finding out. In other words, perhaps that old maxim—"What's his agenda?"—should instead be transformed into a wordy, even casual, question: If the agenda is strictly personal, candidate A. If it involves something larger, please the answer at least, if not

the means of success.

The main reason of this distinction is what finally subverts. That Robert Caro's *Power* is the "best" character he wants to be something his father wasn't, perfectly a compromise. As for what he'll actually do in office, well, he'll figure that out later. "Only what I ever saw you such his own was where to eat with those Texas-sized lobsters you're to find out." His father is lost, a senator played by Richard Widmark, tells him. Speaker's character is also ambition. This is crucial. The form of response in the movie—I won't give it away—is not particularly admirable. But his goal is to "do" something in government—could make for the Justice Department.

The story in that good analysis—seeking accommodation instead of mere recognition—is actually better politics than had ambition. It's too likely to lead you away and more likely to connect you to a public that can smell the truth. But do they smell it? That's the question that confuses ambitious people who might answer the call to their comfortable jobs and serve in government. Without some baseline faith in the system, young men and women of goodwill can't begin the process of representing it.

They are up against a profound skepticism, dispersed widely by the Eighties. During the shooting of the movie, John Casade became upset by the implications of Widmark's closing line in the climactic scene. "You may win an election or two, and you may even be able to live with yourself, but God help you when the people find out. They always do, and that's nothing new about it. Americans who have found out they've been fooled with it."

Casade doesn't think the American political system works well enough to justify that line. The solid response to his concern and other kinds has told him, he says, that the people haven't found out yet, and they show no signs of waking up.

Perhaps so, but in the aftermath of the Gulf war, they may have awakened to a more sensible way of viewing the ambition arrayed before them. The war, whatever our feelings of it, was about some form of collective accomplishments. The government actually completed an ambitious task without falling on its face. When militarily successful, to do some larger purpose, however worthy or hollow. Maybe, finally, ambition can be more often judged by its results, and members of the next generation—the Gulf generation—can be spared some of the pernicious uncertainties of what they are supposed to want. ☐



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By GLENN EICHLER

IT'S NO SECRET THAT WE need more airport capacity, and municipalities all over the country are making plans to expand—but only one airport American city is building an entirely new airport. After years of proposals, debates, arguments, and acrimony, Denver is committed to the construction of a new airport, costing \$1.9 billion and scheduled to open in the fall of 1994. Given this new opportunity to start from scratch, will Denver's new airport be the airport of the future?

Yes and no. Some of the air-crews at Denver, such as improved communications and air-traffic-control systems, are certain to be seen elsewhere. Most of the airport's appeal, however, comes from one aspect in which it is decidedly *apocryphal*: the amount of land it will occupy. Denver has an entire whopping fifty-three square miles for this airport—more area than Chicago O'Hare and Dallas-Fort Worth put together—making it, undoubtedly, an Ocean Wides in a world of Jerry Seinfelds.

The huge amount of land will permit a spacious, open-air terminal layout for the airport's first runway, allowing it to accommodate arrivals and landings from any direction—north or south, east or west—without its traffic to a new direction in a matter of minutes. Simultaneously,

landscapes and buildings will be possible even under bad weather conditions, as well as improved runways, which will reduce waiting time on the ground.

In all, the airport's location, say, it will be able to land more planes at the worst weather than the current airport, delayed flights, can be on the best. If true, that's great news for

Denver because of its size, that could cause popular and spontaneous support for the idea of a new airport, also called Super-Hub, which are private airports set in sparsely populated areas and used clearly for convenience. Whippersnappers would mean relief for metropolitan airports, the Department of Transportation is showing new interest, and given Denver could be the project that makes them a reality.

Denver also offers some insights into the future we could do without. Consider ground transportation. As much as five miles of carpooling check-in space is planned, as opposed to the half mile available at Super-Hub, while planners are incorpo-

And that's a situation that could well become typical in the future. A new airport opens at a cost of billions, and because of budgets or bureaucracy, fails at opening, is done to address the delays, energy waste, and pollution caused by automobiles—sell the chief means of getting there. The worst-case scenario: All the flight delays eliminated by the added capacity are offset by permanent traffic jams on the ground.

Also typical is the uncertainty engendered by the state of the airline industry. At this writing, about \$874 million of scheduled Denver airport revenue bonds have been placed on Standard & Poor's CreditWatch-list, prompting that rating. Why? Because Continental Airlines, which had committed to building a new hub at Denver, has begun operating under bankruptcy protection. If said Continental fails, it will be a serious blow to the new airport.

The airport planners have been working to get United to commit to a hub at the new airport, but even that could spell trouble for travelers. Airlines are now beginning to worry that airlines that one day had made new airports will be able to make too much anticompetitive influence on these airports' operations. In Pittsburgh, for example, USAir's financing of a new terminal is conditional on the city's closing the old one so as to save the one on 1.

So Denver does offer some points into the future. Whether they are shadows of the things that will be, or only the things that may be... well, don't ask me. Ask that guy over there at the desk: He's the Ghost of Air Travel To Come. ☐



After years of argument, will Denver's new airport be the airport of the future? Maybe.


Colombians and the current national air-traffic system—but it obviously doesn't mean a whole hell of a lot to airport planners in other big cities, where there aren't fifty-three square miles lying around and where expansion (read: new airports) is the only way to add capacity.

Do you sit? If Denver has

rating, right of way space for a light rail system to get to the airport, they're not building the system itself. That's up to the government or taxpayers. Considering the economic climate and the fact that the airport will almost definitely be built, it's hard to believe there'll be complementary mass transit systems soon.

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